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## A WISH.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I ask not that my bed of death  
From bands of greedy heirs be free;  
For these besiege the latest breath  
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep  
Tearless, when of my death he hears;  
Let those who will, if any, weep!  
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find  
The freedom to my life denied;  
Ask but the folly of mankind,  
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,  
The friends who come, and gape, and go;  
The ceremonious air of gloom—  
All, that makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,  
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,  
To shake his sapient head and give  
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll  
Of the poor sinner bound for death,  
His brother-doctor of the soul,  
To canvass with official breath.

The future and its viewless things—  
That undiscovered mystery  
Which one who feels death's winnowing  
wings  
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these! but let me be,  
While all around in silence lies,  
Moved to the window near, and see  
Once more before my dying eyes.

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,  
The wide aerial landscape spread—  
The world which was ere I was born,  
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of one,  
Nor promised love it could not give,  
But lit for all its generous sun,  
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become  
In soul with what I gaze on wed!  
To feel the universe my home;  
To have before my mind—instead  
Of the sick-room, the mortal strife,  
The turmoil for a little breath—  
The pure eternal course of life,  
Not human combatings with death.

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow  
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear:  
Then willing let my spirit go  
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

## ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MARRING-BIRD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

### CHAPTER V.

MR. MURPHY'S FISHING, AND WHAT HE CAUGHT.

The thunder-storm seen from the windows of Dewbank Hall, raged up at the Survey station with terrific violence; and when it was over, Mr. Murphy found his sketch-book, which, with characteristic carelessness, he had left outside the hut, reduced to its primary element of pulp. Further pursuit of his profession being therefore out of the question for that morning, and the time hanging very heavy on his hands, as it is apt to do with those who get up at sunrise, the painter strolled down the mountain, intending to go down to Sandalwaite, and take his mid-day meal with Mr. Woodford. Not that that gentleman deserved the reputation of hospitality any more than those Scotch lairds and others who often acquire it on the same easy terms, but simply that, living in so out-of-the-way and retired a spot, he was thankful enough to get anybody of intelligence to talk to, and more especially one like Mr. Murphy, who was "such good company" to all he met. But that gentleman-artist being, like too many of his class, of a vacillating disposition, and liable to be decoyed from even such a set purpose as luncheon by the least temptation, was delayed, in a certain blind valley, for hours by the sport of trout-fishing. It is true that he had neither rod, nor line, nor flies, nor did he understand the art of "tickling," but he was accustomed to be observant of details, and his eye having lit upon a certain pool, in which a number of fish were waiting for the water to rise sufficiently high to tide them over a natural bar at its mouth, he made up his mind to capture them. The drought had been so long continued, that the beck upon whose bank he stood had been almost dry until that morning, save for a few deep pools, out of some of which this shoal of speckled enthusiasts

had doubtless been enticed by the rush of water. Now, it was not perhaps a sportsmanlike idea, but Mr. Murphy bethought him that if he could divert the course of the stream just above this natural "preserve," or stew-pond, its contents would be left at his mercy in their comparatively shallow bed. He was one of those men who continue to take delight in their school-boy pleasures (but without by any means neglecting the opportunities of manhood) as long as they live, and he was hugely pleased with what he was about. Moreover, the locality was charming one: the valley looked as fresh and green as though it had just left the hands of its Creator; it was quite shut in by hills, save on the east, where it narrowed into a little wood, through which the stream ran roaring like a child that has lost its way; the beck itself had worn its bed so deep that in places it formed quite a ravine, and here and there among the shining stones there grew a sapling, though the dry rocks overhead were clothed only with the purple heather.

Mr. Murphy having finished his engineering operations, took off his shoes and stockings, and tucking up his trousers, began cautiously to wade into the pool. It is difficult to judge of the depth of water until you are in it—it being much like a lawsuit in that respect—and reef after reef of his unmentionables had to be taken up until they were far above his knees. Then, indeed, he reached the fish, which, darting hither and thither like streaks of light, would perhaps have eluded him after all, but for the excess of their terror, which caused them to leap out upon the land itself, and become his prey.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire," observed Mr. Murphy, smiling grimly to himself. "I think these must be female trout; that is just the line which women take when they fancy themselves in danger." But he forgot to reflect, when he grew tired of the sport, and the poor little creatures lay gasping and dying on the bank, in faded beauty, that he himself was behaving very like a man.

As he sat barelegged among his spoils, with a short black pipe in his mouth, he suddenly became aware of the long and angular shadow of Miss Selina Woodford projecting itself into the pool from behind him.

"My dear madam," exclaimed he, without so much as turning his head, "if you have come hither in the interests of fish-preserving, I beg to state that these trout have committed suicide. I must do you the justice to say, however, that I have never before known you to be your brother's keeper."

"No, Mr. Murphy," replied the lady, unconscious of the sarcasm; "though I am sure if I were, you would be very welcome to all the fish in Sandalwaite. What a naughty man you were not to come to luncheon! I—that is, my brother—quite expected you, I do assure you. It is not complimentary to prefer such sport as this to our company, I think. When I first caught sight of you, I really didn't know what you were about; I hesitated to leave yonder wood; I thought you might be—Here the mature but modest maiden began to hesitate, and a blush to mantle on her cheek, as though the saffron-flower should become a poppy."

"Thought I was bathing, Miss Selina, did you? You were afraid of horns growing out of your forehead, as in poor Acton's case, eh? Well, I never heard of that misfortune occurring to a lady."

Mr. Murphy's observations were impudent, to say the least of them, and his manner was quite in keeping with his words; a contemptuous coolness characterized his tones, and his lip wore a mocking smile; but the contempt only was for the lady; the bitterness was evoked by his own distrust of himself. He knew that he might be the husband of Miss Selina for the asking, or rather for the answering, since it had been leap-year with her from the first day of their acquaintance; he was poor, he was in debt, and she had four thousand pounds of her own. On the other hand, he had been his own master all his life; Bohemianism had become his second nature, and the prospect of matrimony with such an individual was not alluring. How plain she was; how jealous she would be! Mr. Murphy was not deterred by feelings of morbid delicacy from setting before his own mind the *pros* and *cons* of the whole matter fully. Nor was Miss Selina, I think, altogether unaware of his misgivings, as she was certainly not unconscious of his slights. She bided her time in patience, like a ship's captain with a refractory crew, who in harbor uses blandishments, lest they shall desert, but inwardly resolves to pay them out for it with the cut-o'-nine-tails when he shall once get his ship into blue water.

Mr. Murphy—Claude," said Miss Woodford, earnestly, laying her hand upon his shoulder, and keeping it there in spite of his struggles—"I have got some news to tell you of a very important character."

"I know it," said Mr. Murphy coolly. "Old Mr. Wilson is going to be married. Stupid old fool!"

"Very indiscreet, I think, truly, considering the bride is such a bit of a girl," returned Selina gravely.

"Well, I am not sure that Youth is so very much against a woman, Miss Woodford; I think one forgives it in a wife, as easily as most things."

The yellow face was shot with red; the colorless eyes gave a dull gleam like a phosphorus match in damp weather; but Miss Selina kept her temper; nay, she had even self-control enough to improve the occasion to her own advantage.

"The great mistake of the affair seems to me, Claude, to be the disproportion between the ages of husband and wife. Depend upon it, the happiest marriages are between persons nearly of an age."

The unfortunate Mr. Murphy passed his handkerchief across his face, and expelled his breath in puffs; his position was doubtless embarrassing, with the lady's fingers firmly clutching his shoulder, while she gave utterance to an opinion so significant.

"But the news I have got to tell you, my dear friend, is not connected with Mr. Wilson at all; it is a matter much nearer home. My nephew, Charles—"

"Now, I don't want to hear anything more against that poor devil," interrupted the painter with irritation. "I think, Miss Selina, you behaved unkindly to the lad, and what is worse, you persuaded me to do the same. When I spoke to his uncle in favor of his seeing more of the world, I did not imagine I was urging that he should be packed off to South America. When George Adams was speaking of it this morning—for it's the talk of the whole district—I felt quite ashamed of myself for the part I took in that affair, I did indeed."

"Nobody can be more sorry for the event than I am," said Miss Selina stiffly. "Of course, if I had dreamed of what was to come of it, I should have said: 'Keep him at home'; not, I own, for his own sake, but from mere selfish motives, since now this has happened to him, people will be sure to say: 'See how that Miss Woodford has profited by her nephew's death, and become the greatest heiress in the county'; although, in reality, I am sure I have nothing to reproach myself with—nothing."

"Is your nephew dead, then?" exclaimed the painter, hastily stepping back, and involuntarily brushing the shoulder on which his companion's hand had rested, as though it had left some blemish.

"Yes, Claude, the poor boy is drowned. While on a pleasure-cruise outside the harbor at Rio, he fell overboard."

"And his 'little wife'—poor child—how does she take it?" asked Mr. Murphy pityingly. "It must be a sad blow to his cousin Evelyn."

"Yes, doubtless; but children soon get over those things. Besides, I have been giving her some good advice. Pray, don't encourage her to think about him. How is she to get through life, if she takes everything to heart in this manner?"

"True," said Mr. Murphy dreamily; "the less heart we have, the lighter we ride on the waves of this troublesome world."

"Don't say that, Claude," remonstrated Miss Selina indignantly; "for without heart, how can we love? That is the great fear which I now entertain for myself, lest being thus placed by Providence in so great a position—I speak of course in a worldly sense—prosperity should dull my affections, and render me incapable of—of—the emotions that beautify our nature."

"Such an apprehension does honor to you, dear Miss Selina," said the painter gravely. "But the temptations of which you speak are not likely to assail you, I suppose, immediately."

"I trust not, indeed," ejaculated the lady piously. "But life is uncertain, you know, Claude; and once more she placed her bony fingers upon his coat-sleeve. Mr. Murphy gave a little shiver, like one who, having parted with his garments, one by one, contemplates the perhaps advantageous but certainly frigid stream into which he is about to plunge. "And between ourselves," continued she confidentially, "I have seen with pain a great alteration of late in dear Ernest's health. You are not aware how he has been tried by domestic calamity, the recollection of which preys upon his mind, and has, I am sure, affected his constitution. You have, however, doubtless observed him to be rather irritable at times; well, you must not be hard upon my poor brother. He is not physically the man he was; and though still in the prime of life—not ten years older than myself indeed—I am often in the greatest anxiety concerning him. He is not unconscious of his own precarious state, poor fellow. This loss of his nephew has quite unmanned him; and if you could have only heard him say this morning, in a voice broken by emotion: 'You are now the heiress—presumptive of Dewbank Hall, Selina; but it will not be presumptive long' (evidently alluding to his own decease), I am sure it would have touched a feeling heart like yours, Claude."

Even the recital of this affecting incident seemed to touch Mr. Murphy, for he took

Miss Selina's disengaged hand, and squeezed it hard.

"Don't cry, Selina, don't cry," said he, which was the more considerate of him, since, except to the eye of love, not a tear was visible upon his companion's cheek.

"I can't help it," sobbed the maiden, hiding her face, for the want of a pocket-handkerchief, upon his shoulder: "it is very, very hard to have to bear all these troubles alone."

"Oh, my love!" groaned Mr. Murphy to himself, well knowing that the moment was supreme; but to her sympathizingly murmured: "Oh, my love!"

"Yes, grief will have way," quoted Miss Selina, affecting not to hear him, "and the fast-falling tear—I forget the rest of it, Claude, dear; but you, who know all the poets by heart, can tell me."

"Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career, And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close,"

continued Mr. Murphy, shutting his eyes, for fear their humorous twinkle should be seen.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Miss Selina, who, belonging to that numerous class who look upon all poetry as equally inappropriate to the affairs of human life, perceived no particular want of congruity in the quotation.

"If you were not so rich," said Mr. Murphy tenderly, "or if I were not so poor, I might ask you a question. Can you guess what it is?"

"Not I," returned Miss Selina with innocent gaiety. "Is it a riddle? Pretty little twinkling star, how I wonder what you are; that used to be my favorite verse when I was a child. I always doted on riddles."

"It is not exactly a riddle, Selina; but if you were to say 'Yes' in answer to it, it would become a riddle, for I should kiss you, and you would kiss me again."

Miss Selina gave a tiny scream, such as you might have heard at the distance of a foot and a half, and thought it was a field-mouse. But he would not be denied. He selected a spot upon her blushing cheek—in fact, a freckle—and pressed his lips to it with the same gentle force that we use to affix a Queen's head stamp.

"Dearest Claude," murmured she, "how could you?"

"Dearest Selina," returned he, "how could I help it?"

And this excuse justly being deemed unanswerable, she forgave him, without even exacting a promise that he would never so offend again.

### CHAPTER VI. THE WRESTLERS.

"Bonnie Kendall, Bonnie Langdale, Bonnie Westdale, Bonnie Ambleside," are sounds which the hills about Sandalwaite have not been weary of repeating this whole July afternoon. They are the cries with which the spectators round the Wrestling Ring strive to encourage their different champions, just as on the banks of Cam or Isis the contending crews are exhorted by the men of their own college to do their best in "Pull it out, John's!" "Now you're gaining, Christ Church." This enthusiasm is the nearest approach to patriotism—notwithstanding its somewhat parochial character—that has commonly the opportunity of expression, and moves men's minds to an extraordinary degree. The arrangements are of the simplest kind. The names of the combatants are drawn at hazard, two at a time, by village children. If two men of the same hamlet are thus drawn, the less skillful will often succumb to the other without a trial—"lie down," as it is called—whereby his opponent having purchased his victory thus cheaply, is all the more formidable an antagonist to those who, wearied with other struggles, will presently have to meet him, when the contest grows more select. And again, if a novice find himself fated to contend with a very good man, he will decline the honor from more prudential motives.

George Adams, being a total stranger, was not, of course, influenced by considerations of local advantage, and had never been known to "lie down" to any man, even in his least experienced days; while in the short twelve-month which he had passed among the hills and meres, he had become quite an adept in this manly art. At a mere district meeting, therefore, such as the present, he was not without a chance of winning at least some of those prizes which would be awarded to the six last "standers," and, as we have seen, in his own secret heart, he cherished hopes of the champion's belt itself—that is, the belt of the light weights. That of the "heavies" was to be awarded on the morrow, and many of those who were entered for it, were now regarding the less ambitious contest among the "boys." There were also ancient heroes, chiefs before the Argamemnon of that day, whose years of battle were over, but who still took infinite interest in the proceedings, although they

protested that feeling was not what it used to be in their time.

Mr. Claude Murphy—who has come hither partly to see his friend George Adams wrestle, and partly for the study of the human form divine which the sport affords him, and principally for the good-fellowship that is to be gleaned at such places—standing next to one of these Nestors of the ring, and as he listens to his praises of the past, exchanges amused glances with a third person, in a suit of rusty black, and with a neckerchief which was white, I suppose, when it was first put on, but which sadly needs soap and water. This is Mr. Herbert Warton, the Sandalwaite doctor, a man of many inches, and with eyes that would be very keen but for a certain fliminess, such as is often seen in those who indulge too much in spirituous liquors.

"So the art is lost, John, is it, since your time," observes he to the old statesman, as the small farmers are called in those parts, "and there is now no such thing as 'fair felling'?"

"I did not say that, doctor—although it is certain you do not see the 'swinging hype' so often as you used to do—but there was a time when the wrestling ring never held a rogue. Now the lads look to the money, ay, and will take the money, too, in preference to gaining that which should be their greatest pride. If you'll come to my house yonder, after this—but you've been there a dozen times; I was forgetting—but if Mr. Murphy will, I can show him five-and-forty belts, not one of which would I sell for its weight in—Well, you may laugh, gentlemen, but at least I would not part with them for a trifle. As for 'lying down' to a man for money, I don't know, for my part, how such a thing can ever come about; how one can judge another to be such a scoundrel as to venture upon any such offer; and yet they do it, some of these fine fellows. Yeh!"

It would have been hard to match this last ejaculation of the honest daleman among all the synonyms for contempt; and when he had uttered it, as if suiting his action to his word, he spat upon the ground.

"Yet all that our friend means," observed the doctor to Mr. Murphy, smiling, "is that one man of those who wrestle to-day has been accused of the meanness he describes. Miles Ripson, yonder—'Talk of the devil,' you see he's in the next pair—is said to prefer pudding to praise, and would rather have money in his pocket, notwithstanding 'there is nothing like leather,' than any belt in the North around his middle, except perhaps the Newcastle one, which has the silver towers—there, you see, he's got his ticket for nothing; Life Jemmy has laid down to him, and small blame to the little fellow; for Miles is a good wrestler, there's no denying, and as like to be king as any man under eleven stone."

"That's what makes it so much worse," growled the ancient athlete. "Heaven didn't give him those thaws and sinews to win his bread in that underhand fashion. Did you ever see such muscles for a young un?"

Miles had stripped himself to his drawers and flannel waistcoat, in preparation for the contest which was fated not to come off, and a magnificent model of strength and suppleness he looked. His features, too, were very handsome, although much paler than those of the majority of the competitors. This was doubtless owing to the nature of his trade, which caused him to pass his days under ground in the Wadhok, an employment entirely of his own seeking, since his old mother, the village post-mistress, would gladly have resigned her office to her son; but such a responsible position was not to Miles's taste, although it was said he condescended to share with her the emoluments thereof. In spite of her entreaties, he had taken to working in the lead-mine, the consequences of which, as we have said, were already to be seen in his handsome face, the pallor of which was increased by contrast with his hair and eyes, which were jet black.

"What a bad expression the young fellow has!" observed Mr. Murphy, "although he is so handsome. I remember seeing him thrown, when I was up here last summer, by—by quite a boy; and when he rose from the ground, he might have served as a model for Satan. Indeed, I thought of transferring him to canvas, only that the fellow was as extortionate in his demands as though he had been the devil himself."

"Yes, I remember that," rejoined the doctor, thoughtfully. "It was poor Charles Woodford who threw him; he was but sixteen years old at the time; and doubtless Miles was unlucky, but he never forgave the lad. I daresay he was glad enough to hear the news at the Hall this afternoon. Poor boy, poor boy! If Miles would have done for your devil, I am sure Charlie might have stood for your Archangel Michael. What pluck there was in that more child!"

Mr. Murphy did not speak; his attention, like that of the old wrestler, seemed to be entirely taken up in the proceedings in the ring; but the doctor noticed a red spot upon



each of his cheeks. "He don't like the subject," murmured he to himself. "I wonder whether Miss Selina has become more attractive to him since post-time this morning; he surely never can marry her, after the things he has said of her to me. And yet, what won't a man do for money—or at least for what money gets?" Here Mr. Warton knitted his brows, although unconsciously, and his red face grew a shade nearer to purple. He was thinking of what he would do, or perhaps had done, for money, himself. There are men who often fall into such reveries without the least regard to the business that may be taking place about them; at church, or at the play; at the grave's mouth, while they are watching the coffin of some dear one descend into the muck of earth for ever; nay, in the very ball-room, while the dancers are whirling past to the merry music, their thoughts will play the traitor. In vain for Herbert Warton the love lay sparkling in the evening sun, and the foot-bridge, with its wooden arches, crossed the junction with the little river, making the prettiest foreground in the world; in vain the mountain forested around the scene their giant arms. He bled it all as plainly as Claude Lorraine did, but he might just as well have been blind, for any knowledge that he had of their existence. In vain the wrestlers came and went, and strove and fell, and the great throng around them kept an anxious silence, or burst forth into loud acclamations; he saw and heard as plainly as the old athlete by his side, but his mind was far away, the scenes of a wasted youth were hurrying across his brain; the disappointments of his manhood, the records of that weakness which had wrought his ruin, the knowledge that his opportunity in life had passed away was recurring to him, as it often did, in a long gallery of pictures, in each of which he formed the central figure. How happy had that boy Charles Woodford been, to die so young? Thrice did Mr. Murphy address the doctor ere he began to hear his words.

"Warton, Warton! see, the last pair is coming on, and you will miss, in your brown study, the prettiest bit of wrestling that to-day has had to show." George Adams is left alone with Ripson. "You were talking about angels a while ago, and if ever a young soldier deserved to be in the Light Company, and wear wings—see what a frank expression he has, and how it contrasts with Miles's scowl!" Not that there is much love lost between them, but—

"Hush, hush!" cried the old wrestler peremptorily; "don't you see they have got 'hold'?"

And in truth the two young men, discarding all the feints and subtleties which they had not scrupled to use with their previous competitors, had at once grappled with one another, and were already contending for the fall. The two umpires were walking slowly round them, and followed with their eyes their every movement, but the spectators watched them with scarcely less of keenness, it being the struggle for the belt, which would be decided by the best out of three falls. With every muscle at fullest stretch, and their veins starting out upon their brows, the two young athletes stood, first shoulder to shoulder, then head to head, as the circle of their arms shifted upwards, then whirled on a sudden so rapidly round, that one could scarcely distinguish one from the other, till at last both came to earth with a thud—Miles Ripson uppermost.

"Pretty, pretty!" exclaimed the old wrestler approvingly; "that's the old sort that used to be when I was a boy."

"I am very sorry for George," observed Mr. Murphy gloomily; "I am afraid he is over-matched."

"Bonnie George, Bonnie George," cried many a voice, but it was rather in the tone of pity than of encouragement. His popularity, although he was a stranger, was greater than that of his rival; but the wrestling ring affords that "fair field and no favor" so much desired, though so seldom found; his plaudits are very properly reserved for him and all who have proved himself the best man.

George Adams took not the slightest notice of these well-meant signs of favor, but with his face very pale and still, walked slowly towards the centre of the ring to meet his antagonist.

Miles Ripson, on the other hand, with a flush of triumph on his dark face, stepped swiftly forward, and placed his arms about the other, as though they were the garland of some victim destined to the sacrifice.

"He is making too sure," muttered the old wrestler; "you had is not to be trifled with—There, see, he has got high a hold. Yes, a hold, a hold!" cried he, in corroboration of the umpire's decision, to which Miles Ripson's voiceless lips had appealed in vain. "Bonnie George, Bonnie George, if Miles does get out of that, I shall almost like the fellow."

But although Ripson acquitted himself exceedingly well in the disadvantageous position in which his own rashness had placed him, his mistake was a fatal one. After a close and trying struggle, in which neither seemed to leave his foothold, but to grow out of the very ground, like embracing trees, Miles was lifted into the air, and notwithstanding that his less powerful opponent staggered under the burden deposited like a sack, which is too heavy for its bearer, upon the trampled earth.

A great shout broke forth from all present; not because Miles was thrown, but because his defeat was mainly attributable to a neglect of that excessive caution which had gained him already more than one victory. His system had hitherto been to weary out his opponents by feeling for a hold, but never to grasp his fingers until he had obtained so superior a grappling-place as almost insured his success. His passionate antipathy to the young Sapper had prevented him from practising his usual caution with him, or perhaps the result of the last encounter had rendered him too confident in his own powers. "There is a fall yet!" muttered he between his teeth, as he rose unharmed from the earth.

"Yes, there is," returned the young soldier quickly. "Let us get a over." But Miles Ripson was no longer in a hurry. George waited for him, until cries arose of "Time, Time!" all round the ring, and when he came forth at last, he stooped, and took up earth in his hands, as though he were washing them, in order to gain the firmer hold.

"You will grip fast enough without that, Ripson," said George good-humoredly, for his own fingers were twitching nervously enough, and longing to clasp his foe.

"Stop!" cried the umpire—"stop!" as the pair began making those circular monotonous passes over each other's shoulders peculiar to the northern mode of wrestling. "You have forgotten to shake hands."

"We will shake hands when we get our hold," answered Miles grimly. "We are not so fond of one another, we two."

Round and round walk the umpires, until their eyes grow weary with watching, and still the two young men stand like graven images except for the shifting heads thrown outward behind each other now and again, to certify that they have taken no hold. As each clinches upon the other's shoulder in that unyielding embrace, it is strange to mark the set resolve in the firm lips, the nervous twitching of the nostrils, and the vigilance of the anxious eyes. "Take care, take care, Bonnie George, he is trying you out," cried Claude Murphy.

"Whist, whist," returned the ancient athlete; "dinna fash yourself. The chiel keeps that weel enough for himself."

At which there was a burst of laughter, followed by a roar of excitement and admiration. "They have hold—they have hold!" So narrowly was every movement watched by the spectators, that they perceived when the fingers met with meaning and not in feint, as immediately as the muscles themselves. And in a moment the two almost motionless figures began to writhe and strain like a couple of force-eyed snakes, whose power lies in their folds. Then, again, as though turned to stone, they once more stood, but this time in a position from which there could be no change for one of them at least, and probably for both, save when they should kiss mother-earth. Ripson had wound his right leg round his rival's left, and was bending his slender body backward by the whole weight of his own. Adams, after an ineffectual attempt to bear him back, submitted to this burden, which he knew was by no means resting itself, as sturdily as he could for a few seconds, albeit the perspiration stood upon his brow with the pain as much as with the strain; then feeling Miles's leg-clasp relax, he knew that his moment had arrived, and mustering his little remaining strength, he swung himself swiftly round, to fall indeed, and with crushing force, but to fall with his rival under him!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### DECEMBER SERENADE.

BY ALICE CARY.

One, by the stroke of the clock!  
The time drags heavy and slow;  
And I wake from dreams as full of thee,  
As the clouds are full of snow,  
From dreams as white with thee, my dove,  
As the clouds are white with snow.

I call thee all sweet names,  
Song-bird, lily, and rose,  
And I only hear the night-fowl's cry,  
And the wind as it beats and blows,  
And the moan of the river under the hill,  
Freezing as it flows.

One, by the stroke of the clock!  
The night will never go by;  
My love, thou hast grown as cold  
As the gray cloud up in the sky.  
Yet come, and snow thyself in my arms,  
And chill me till I die.

#### American Women.

An English woman writes thus of her American sisters in an English journal:—"Their faces are perfectly charming. I never could come to America and return unmarried if I were a man. Such sweet, delicate, refined little faces, and with such lovely dark eyes. Broadway disappointed her. 'It is not at all a fine street, and the shops are really mean—mean—nothing but mean—but it is an odd, old place. The people all look so independent; even the beggars just carefully request money, and then go away instantly; and, oh! the loud chorus of hawking and spitting all round, wherever one turns!' Anything so intensely polite as the Americans, she never saw. 'Talk of the French!' I never was amongst a nation who were not bears in comparison to these. You always get a civil, amiable answer. They all do all they can for you, and as to a lady, she is a perfect queen. Old or ugly, gentle or simple, men leave their seats in the street car for them—and I believe one might have anything she liked." Washington she found a sort of straggling, immense village. At a ball there, the mixture of people was most extraordinary. "Some ladies were gorgeously dressed, going before Paris fashions almost. Some looked the oddest creatures that one could meet at a public ball, with dresses off the ground and made high. I was much disappointed in the amount of beauty, as I scarcely saw any really pretty faces; and then the oddest of all was the young ladies, almost all coming alone, or two or three together, and escorted by a gentleman acquaintance." Gen Grant was present, "a short, determined looking man, not very unlike Garibaldi."

Canada is responsible for a novelty in contested election cases. A defeated candidate for one of the local legislatures has instituted about forty suits against various people for accepting bribes to vote against him, claiming \$200 to \$100 damages in each case.

When the Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant, he utters the following beautiful sentiment:—"Little baby, thou enterest the world of weeping, while all around thee smile. Contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep."

A. T. Stewart, merchant prince of New York, says: "No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application." The world-renowned Rothschilds ascribe their success to the following rules: Be an off-handed man; make a bargain at once. Never have anything to do with an unducky man or plan. Be cautious and bold.

Never waste argument on a man who does not know logic from fogwood, as the case with half the people who love disputation.

#### How the Swiss Make Matches.

It is the general custom in Bern, says a Swiss writer, that the lover's father should play the wooer to the parents of the bride. He frequently goes to them and says: "My lad likes your daughter. I suppose you have nothing much against it, and that it will suit you?" Or sometimes he goes in more elaborate fashion, as in the case of the father who knocked one evening late at a window, begged the old people to look out, and then began:

"It is God's will that my boy and your girl should come together. I have had to make up my mind to it, and so will you; but I should like to ask what dower you mean to give her—about a thousand pounds, I fancy?"

"I approve the match," returned the other party; "but I can't think of giving her more than a hundred pounds."

"You don't mean it?" said the other.

"Indeed I do; not one half penny more, and even that is too much."

Then replied the former:

"It is not God's will that the two should come together. The Lord's purposes are unchangeable, and His ways past finding out. Good-night. No offence, I hope."

"Quite the reverse," said the other, and quietly closed the window.

Rev. Dr. Chapin says that a man living amid the activities of the nineteenth century is a condensed Methuselah.

#### SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1907.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

#### CRIOLOS, IF TRUE.

Our readers know that Napoleon's son, the Duke of Reichstadt, was never really Emperor of France, although his father, after Waterloo, abdicated in his favor. And yet the present Emperor entitles himself Napoleon the third. A correspondent of an English journal gives the following explanation of this fact:—

"It is said that when Louis Napoleon found the pulse of the French people to be favorable, and that the time was ripe for carrying out his design, he intended to have himself proclaimed Emperor under the title of Napoleon II., and that it was accident that caused him to be called Napoleon III. It seems that a number of placards had been simultaneously printed and sent to all the heads of the different departments and towns in France on a certain day, with orders that they should be issued and distributed all over the country on the same morning. These placards were thus headed:—  
'Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon III.' These three notes of admiration were taken by the people to represent the Roman numeral 'III,' and he was from that time hailed as Napoleon le troisième; as such he has ever since been known; but it is equally true that his proper title should have been Napoleon II."

#### A METAPHYSICAL DISCOVERY.

Picking up a circular which had been thrown into our entry the other day, we found an advertisement of Mrs. —'s "Metaphysical Discovery."

That "all the fools are not dead yet," will be evident to any one who reads this last quack of the inventive medical genius of the land. The advertisement in question says:

My Metaphysical Discovery is composed of three preparations, which work in conjunction. It is put up in three separate bottles, and included in one box, in which will also be found a glass tube, to be used in putting the liquid into the ears. One of the preparations is to be rubbed into the scalp with the hand, one applied through the eyes, and the third through the nose. The three enter the system by absorption, all acting conjointly in cooling the head, clearing the eyes, and reaching through every avenue of the body, dissolving the mucus with which it is clogged, and passing it downward through the proper channels, thus cleansing and purifying the entire system.

All three of these remedies should be used freely and perseveringly for the cure of any complaint of the head. It matters not if your eyes are not diseased, nor your head ached, or that you are not deaf; this is the way the remedies must enter your system to radiate disease. The many thousand tubes and glands connected with the eyes, ears, and scalp lead to every part of the body; besides, the seat and cause of disease is always in the head.

Now, how does the reader suppose this remedy is to be administered through the ears and eyes? Just read the following—it exceeds anything of the kind we ever heard of:

Rest your head one side, placing a towel over your shoulder; then fill the cavity of your ear with the liquid. Take a firm hold of the ear, and shake it well until the whole is absorbed. It does not pass in as freely at first as after having been used awhile. It is more agreeable, and perhaps absorbs better, if slightly warmed, which may be done by removing the cork and standing the bottle near the fire, or in warm water. I have often passed as much as six half-teaspoonfuls into one ear in three minutes' time. The ears often discharge both hard and soft substances after using this remedy. Watch them, and have all such things removed.

Much will depend upon the patient's judgment as to the quantity and frequency of this application to the ear. At first, it is best that you should apply it night and morning. When it creates much noise and dizziness, as it often does for the first week or two, one application at night may answer; and, in some cases, three times a week will do. When the bronchial tubes are inflamed, accompanied by a cough, do not apply it oftener than twice or three times a week; but the Eye Water and Snail Remedy should be continued freely. Put no cotton or wool in the ears. In applying the ear preparation, do not be alarmed, if for a short time, it makes you deaf, or more deaf, which it sometimes does, owing to the secretions or obstructions passing off. Persevere, and you will certainly be cured.

When you apply the Ear Preparation, fill the cavity of each ear three times; and, oftentimes, if the case demands it.

#### And now for the eyes:—

Put a little into a small vessel, to carry with or without you. Bathe the eyes several times daily; if you are diseased, the oftener the better. If well, or in ordinary health, bathe them night and morning, dropping the Eye Water in at the corners, rubbing the eyes gently and with a cloth, brush, or finger, but with the finger, also all about the eyes, nose, and temples. Twice or three times daily, it would be well to bathe the eyes completely as follows: First the head back, and have a friend sit the corners (the eyes being shut) with the Eye Water; then press the finger gently over the eyes and corners, when the Eye Water will readily absorb, and it will come out in, entirely to the machinery of the head for moisture. If the Eye Water smokes much, it may be slightly diluted with cold water.

"So thirsty is the machinery of the head for moisture!" is not this an enlightened age?

Of course there is the usual number of certificates from reverend and other gentlemen attached to this circular, saying how wonderfully they were cured of various ailments by the above reasonable processes.

#### A GOOD IDEA.

We see it stated that the English Ministry has introduced into the House of Commons, a plan for a new income tax at the rate of a penny per pound. The design of this tax, which is to endure for one year, is to defray the expenses of the Abyssinian war.

This strikes us as a capital idea, and one well worthy of imitation. Let the Tax bill always accompany the War bill, and nations will be apt to consider more seriously whether there is any real necessity for fighting. It is generally because the people cannot be prevailed upon to count the cost, that so many foolish and unnecessary wars are engaged in. The statesman who sets himself against a popular frenzy, is generally denounced as wanting in patriotism—and it is only when it is too late to profit by the councils of wise and discreet men, that such counsels are estimated at their true value. But let no nation hereafter go to war, without making a probable estimate of the cost, and accompanying the declaration of hostilities with a proportionate tax bill. This will at least have some effect upon those voters who pay taxes, if it fails to influence those who do not.

#### THE LETTER U.

A mistake which is very often made in speaking, not only by ignorant persons, but by those of education and intelligence, is the substituting for the sound of u that of oo, as heard in *too, food, &c.*

In many cases this wrong pronunciation is simply the result of carelessness, or because the speaker is uneducated and does not know any better; but sometimes it really seems very difficult to avoid the error, especially in words in which the u is preceded in the same syllable by one of the consonants d, t, l, n, s, th; the reason of this difficulty being as follows:—

The organs of the mouth after forming these consonants are left in a position from which they can slide quickly and easily to the labial oo, but they are compelled to pass into another arrangement before they can be ready to form the u; hence we so often hear pronounced incorrectly, such words as *duddy, dudd, tunc, tumult, lucid, allure, nuisance, suit, constitution, enthusiasm, and many others*; the reason being, as we have just shown, that it requires considerably less effort to substitute the oo, and call them *duddy, dudd, tunc, &c.*, than it does to give them in their proper sound.

In words, however, where the u is preceded by r, most authorities agree in pronouncing it like oo, and indeed, it is almost impossible to do otherwise; thus we pronounce *rude* like *rood*, *rule* like *rool*; but some orthoepists, Dr. Webster among them, are of the opinion that we should endeavor to give a slight softening between the vowel and the consonant, so as to preserve if possible the distinctive sound of u, and not pronounce *rude*, in quite such a full and open manner as we would *rood*.

The real u sound is a compound of two different elements, the initial one being that of consonant y, or according to some authorities, e, and the final that of oo; so that in a great many cases it is best to give this letter its compound sound, thus pronouncing duty as if it were spelt duty; but the e should be sounded but very slightly, and we must be on our guard against stretching the word out too much, and pronouncing the u in too broad a manner, for in our endeavors to speak correctly we should be careful not to overreach the mark, and should remember that in this, as in other things, excess is as bad as deficiency.

#### EMBEZZLING LETTERS.

A young post-office clerk was sentenced in New York a few days since to ten years' hard labor in the penitentiary for embezzling letters. The Judge said:—"It must be understood by those who are in the Post Office Department and entrusted with the correspondence of the country, that no tampering with it is allowable. There is no such thing as a trivial violation of this statute. The term of imprisonment fixed by the law is not less than ten years nor more than twenty."

MISS ANNA DICKINSON.—We see the following explanation from Miss Dickinson relative to the story that she had erased the name of President Johnson from the record of the Massachusetts School Ship. She says that, while visiting the ship, some one brought her an album, requesting her autograph. She gave it, as she had done in a hundred similar cases, not knowing, and having no reason to suppose, but that the book was the private property of the gentleman offering it. Having signed her name, she looked over the record of names preceding it, and, coming to that of Andrew Johnson, she made a playful flourish of the dry pen over it, as if to erase it. But, on the supposed owner of the book then saying that, if she would really erase that name, she would add greatly to the value of the book, Miss Dickinson erased it. This statement gives an entirely different coloring to the affair.

MATINEES OF THE AMERICAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.—We call attention to the course of concerts given every Saturday by the American Conservatory of Music at the New Horticultural Hall on Broad street. Among the performers are those talented and popular artists, Messrs. Jarvis and Carl Gaertner. The regular Winter Term of the Conservatory commences on Monday, Jan. 6th. Circulars may be obtained at the office corner of Tenth and Walnut streets.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CORRY O'LANUS: His Views and Experiences. With Comic Illustrations by J. H. HOWARD. Published by G. W. Carleton, New York; and also for sale by G. W. Piche, Phila. We have glanced through this volume sufficiently to find a good proportion of fun, which does not depend upon bad spelling for its mirth-inspiring quality. Buy Corry's book, and have a good laugh.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. Illustrated. Price \$1.50 in cloth. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. He who has not read this work should straightway buy it, and sit down to its feast of fancy and of feeling. "Little Nell" is probably the best known of all the children of fiction—and her touching story runs like a vein of gold through the volume.

BARNABY RUDGE. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. With Illustrations by H. K. Browne. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price \$1.50, bound in cloth.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS. (Box.) Illustrated Octavo Edition. With 32 Illustrations. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price \$2.00, bound in cloth.

WOLAN'S STRATEGY; OR, THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER. A Novel. With Illustrations by T. Morten. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Piche, 808 Chestnut street, Phila.

LOVE IN LETTERS. Illustrated in the Correspondence of Eminent Persons. With Biographical Sketches of the Writers. By ALLEN GRANT. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Piche, 808 Chestnut street, Phila. This volume contains love letters from Abigail, Heloise, Anne Boleyn, Simon de L'Enclos, Lady Russell, Swift, Scilla, Vanessa, Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott.

A TREATISE ON THE ABUSES OF THE SEXUAL FUNCTIONS. By E. P. MILLER, M. D. No. 15 Light street, New York. In this work Dr. Miller of the "Journal of Health," has touched with as much delicacy as is compatible with plain and earnest speaking, a subject of the greatest importance. The Doctor is of the opinion that "faithful mothers who with fear have tried the experiment of plain and virtuous speech with young children, have been rewarded by seeing their children grow up understanding their own functions, and not overthrown by the impulses of mysterious passions." Parents must of course be judges for themselves in such matters. We may add, however, that Dr. Miller's book is earnestly, honestly and piously written—and we suppose there is no doubt of the extent and seriousness of the evils to which he refers, and which he thinks need to be combated with more frankness and openness than has hitherto been the custom.

Apropos of the recent meteoric showers and the explosions of steam-boilers in every part of the country, Prof. Loomis suggests a very uncomfortable theory in regard to the safety of the earth itself. He thinks it not impossible that sufficient steam might be generated in the burning center of the world to blow the whole globe to pieces. A volcanic eruption under the sea, or near it, like that of Vesuvius now in progress, may at any moment convert the earth into a huge steam-boiler, by letting the water in upon the central fires, to be followed, for aught we know, by an explosion that shall rend it apart, and send the fragments careening through space as small planets or meteors, each bearing off some distracted member or members of the human family, to make, perchance, new discoveries and new acquaintances in other parts of the planetary system now revolving with us. So that the final catastrophe may, after all, be only a boiler explosion on a magnificent scale of grandeur and destruction. Prof. Loomis should get up a company to put down a safety pipe and valve.

One day Thackeray was driving along an Irish road, at due intervals along the sides of which posts were set, with figures of distances and the initials G. P. O. Over-taking a peasant in a jaunting car, he inquired the significance of these initials. The man gravely informed him that they stood for "God Preserve O'Connell!" Out came the tourist's note book, in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious fact. In the first edition of the "Sketches" the fact was duly mentioned, but it was suppressed in all subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the initials stood for "General Post Office," indicating that the highway was a post road.

At Ann Arbor, Michigan, on Wednesday last, while a little girl was playing around a bonfire, her clothes suddenly caught fire. Mrs. A. Snorer rushed to the child's assistance, when her clothes were also instantly in flames, and both were burned to death.

POPULAR ERRORS.—That editors keep public reading rooms. That they have plenty of time to talk to everybody. That they are delighted to get anything to fill up the paper with. That every man's own special axe is a matter of "public interest."

Honduras is said to be in the market for a loan of a novel character. It has been so sickly there lately that the young people have died off, and they want to borrow three thousand infants.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, writing from Bern, Switzerland, makes the following remarks about the legend of Wm. Tell:—"A picture here of Wm. Tell pushing on in his boat after having killed Gessler, led me to inquire of a competent authority who was, and attested the world-renowned story was, and I regret to say that the antiquarians of Switzerland are much inclined to give the story a mythic origin and interpretation. The tale will, however, survive all historical skepticism, having been accepted as true to humanity, if not to fact. In short it ought to be true, if it is not."



## Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

## SLEEP.

"Man's rich restorative, his balmy bath. That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play the various movements of that fine machine which seeks such frequent periods of repair."

LADIES.—When we are weary in body or brain, whether worn by manual or mental labor, sleep is a safe and sure panacea. Not the sleep which drunkenness, narcotics, and cordials bring, but such as nature gives to those who invite and accept her gifts. The wise man has well described the various kinds of sleep. So of him who walks in wisdom's way he says: "When thou liest down then shalt not be afraid; yea, and thy sleep shall be sweet." Of the sluggard: "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." Again: "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."

How often have we all, when excited by joy or sorrow, felt the truth and beauty of these words: "I sleep, but my heart waketh." Sleep is sometimes seasoned by the sweet sense that the beloved are near, and sometimes with the sad sense of separation. When looking on the placid face of a sleeping infant, where smiles play so sweetly, we may easily fancy angels are whispering in its ears. The sleeping sufferer has suppressed anguish written on the brow.

There is the dead sleep which dissipation induces, the sluggish state which a full stomach and a lazy head invites. Then, too, the sighing sleep, which comes tardily, but at last, to the grief-worn spirit. And there is excess of joy, which puts to flight all desire for sleep. This goddess often says to the happy: "Burn on through midnight like the stars—ye have no need of me;" but to the wretched: "I will find you in my mantle, and bury you in sweet oblivion till the morning comes."

In certain states of despair there lies a power which "draws down irresistibly the coverlet of sleep." The disciples slept in "the garden" just before their Lord was crucified, and the beloved Physician says of them that they were "sleeping for sorrow," and when Jesus admonished them "to watch and pray, lest they enter into temptation," he also added, as if in tender apology, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Deep grief often brings on that peculiar depression of vital force which invites sleep.

Hope is a tonic on which we can work with little food and little rest; but despair depresses all the life energies, and hence much sleep is a messenger of mercy.

Solitude makes us wakeful; head and heart are thinking, yearning to do something; but great sorrow proves often a sedative, so that the afflicted sleep more than usual, and then both body and brain are safe. Those who are broken in health or disturbed in mind by sorrow, disappointment, or pecuniary loss, are those who were made wakeful thereby.

The statistics of lunatic asylums show that want of sleep is the most frequent and immediate cause of insanity. As you look over the history of the inmates, and note the peculiar trials which have shattered their poor heads or hearts, you see that nothing has happened to them save what is common in the varied experiences of this life. Many a one has passed under the same rod, or a heavier one, and come out unharmed, even staid and stronger for the chastisement. But these sad subjects, from bad habits or bad inheritance, seem to possess some peculiarity of nervous irritability; so when sleep, like a loving mother, would soothe and save them, she cannot. No doubt many might have been saved by judicious care at the right time. Needless work is an excellent solvent for earthly sorrow. Hence we note that those burdened by labor and care bear grief best; not that their sensibilities are less acute, but from lack of enduring love, but because weary muscles lead to sleep. Nature's balmy bath, which soothes aching hearts as well as bodily pain. As the head which aches with thinking can only be cured by sleep, so the heart which thrills with agony needs to be soothed in the same way.

I am always sorry for those disappointed in early love, who are so at ease that they need not earn either food or raiment. Nothing to do but nurse their grief, till they grow broken in health and bitter in spirit. I am sorry, too, for those bereaved in mature years, whose chief responsibility is in reference to their crime. Both classes are likely to grow nervous, sleepless, often incurably sick and sad, and sometimes insane. The danger of mental wreck from sorrow or care comes more from wakefulness at night, induced thereby, than from the heaviness of the head carried by day. Those who work by night and sleep by day wear out more rapidly than others in proportion to the work they perform. For several years I have taken testimony as to this point from railroad conductors, telegraph operators, etc., and they all agree that, though they try to take all the sleep they need during the day, that it is less refreshing, and that after a few years they feel the need of a change of work, or rather of hours. As to why sleep is less sweet and sound when the sun shines, we can only say: God has set in order day and night, each for its purpose. We might suggest that light makes us sleep more lightly, that noise disturbs, and the sense that all the world is active stirs the sleeper.

Some years since we went through the dark highways and byways of the Tananaqua coal mines, where the work is kept up the same during the twenty-four hours. For the sake of talk I said to one of the miners: "As it is just so dark here night and day, it makes no difference when you work." To which the son of Erin replied: "Inlaid, miss, an' a man's constitution knows the difference amazin' quick." While conversing with the superintendent of the mines on this point, he told me the Irishman was correct; that the night workmen appeared to be much more liable to sickness, and sooner failed in strength than those of the day, though they all had precisely the same work, and all came out of the mines alike, to eat and sleep.

I have no doubt that one reason why law-

yers and men in public life so often resort to stimulants is to supply that sense of nervous exhaustion which comes from late hours in crowded court rooms. By alcohol they make the brain burn most brilliantly, just as it should be quieting down for a good night's rest.

Our finest lectures are after a few months worn and haggard, though seemingly having little care and but little mental labor; for often the same lecture goes from the ocean at the east to the "father of waters" in the west, with improvised modifications. And much of this wear, often, is because that after a lecture they cannot sleep till midnight, or more often till into the small hours, and some not even till day dawns. Such think intensely, feel deeply, sleep lightly, and are wrecked early. Teachers who are earnest, progressive, and devoted to the interests of their pupils—their school cares are their "night thoughts," and long evenings and little sleep are the result. Many of our most useful mental and moral workers are laid aside for their labors far too early because they do not take sleep enough. Manual labor, combined with only enough mental to give it interest, is far less exhausting to the nervous system than head-work alone. Hence those engaged in the latter require the most sleep but seldom take it. The couch invites those weary in body, and sleep comes; but those weary in brain are often excited, intoxicated by their intensity of thought, or think they do not need it. Many a weary head finds that it cannot rest, though it tries ever so hard to do so. An abnormal activity of brain has been induced by over-exertion, so the thoughts run on, as if human machinery went by force of acquired velocity, instead of being quieted and controlled by the will.

Somebody says that "men of mind are mountains whose heads are sunned long ere the rest of earth." But these same mountains are often clouded early. Prior to this shadow we often see an activity of brain, an excitability of nervous system, combined too often with an irritability of temper, which tells the physician that trouble is near, while the prospective patient fancies his health to be as firm as ever; but all at once his system gives out—his head will not think, his stomach will not digest, he is restless and wretched. Many sad illustrations of this class have we seen in our infirmary during the last twenty years. Among these was a man, once of giant frame and iron nerve, who with proper care would have retained his vigor till four score years, but at half that age finds himself a poor, miserable dyspeptic, shattered in mind and body. Year after year he had worked eighteen hours out of twenty-four. He went to his mill at 3 o'clock in the morning and stayed till 10 o'clock at night, and then sat up and read for two or three hours, so that he had but four hours sleep out of the twenty-four, and often but one. Thus he went on year after year, maintaining that "nothing hurt him," and a perfect marvel to all around him. But at length his memory began to fail; his mind became anxious and fearful; his extremities numb, and he too timid to stay in a room alone by night or day. We found body and brain rickety beyond repair, and so passed him on to the insane asylum. Many years since we had an early-rising mania. Philosophers wrote and poets sung of its virtues. Had they given us, also, sermons and sonnets on the benefits of early rising, we should then have had both sides of the question. But the result was that many concluded that time spent in sleep was wasted, provided they could so goad their energies as to keep awake. While midnight oil was consumed, the lamp of life was being extinguished when it should have been being replenished. We have all our fixed quantity of life force, of vital fluid, which we may use more or less rapidly at our will. There are various ways in which we may waste this fountain, and want of sleep is one. To retire at 9 o'clock—once the old-fashioned hour for grown folks—is now too early for children, even. Society calls us away from home just when we most need its quiet. We dress for parties just when we should "wrap the drapery of our couch about us and lie down to pleasant dreams." If our friends are worthy of our attention, let us give them our best thoughts, our sane moments—not the products of a brain exhausted by the labors of the day and then exhilarated by the dissipation of the night. The influences of these nightly pathologies are more deleterious to the young than to those matured in body.

"Late sitting up has turned her roses white; Why went she not to bed?—because 'twas night."

The bloom of many a young girl has withered in the gaiety of her first winter in society; and though from summer to summer it may be for the time "restored" by a trip to the mountains, or the sea-side, or a Water Cure, it soon settles into a sickly yellow quite past "freshening up." Such may well say, as did one looking in the glass, "How shallow I look!" when she meant to say sorrow.

Those overtaken in early life are slow of cure, and seldom have much power of endurance. Such need more sleep, more rest, in all after years. An increased tendency to sleep is a hopeful sign in nervous invalids. Dim eyes, dull ears, and super-sensitive nerves are often improved, cured even, by this alone, where there is no organic disease.

"But how shall we wakeful ones find the way to sleep?" asks one—yes, many, I fear. First, let us remember the lesson of our youth, which said that "the day was for labor, and the night for sleep and repose." When the open fire, a pine knot, or a tallow candle were the only facilities for a nightly illumination, the temptation to late sitting up was much less than now, when the brilliancy of gas or kerosene invites us to sit up at night that we may enjoy its exhilarating splendor. I have been interested to notice how music, gay colors, beautiful pictures, and bright lights keep us while awake. Place the same persons in a room of dim light, and with but little about to attract the eye, and they fall into easy, quiet chit-chat, and soon begin to yawn, and by mutual consent retire early, saying: "Somehow I feel sleepy to-night."

What can we say that is new on the necessity of ventilating sleeping apartments? Not anything. But many are still afraid of

night air, damp air, and cold air, forgetting that of all air that is worst which they have breathed over and over again, and so they get up with a headache and a bad taste in the mouth simply from bad air breathed during the night. If the house has none of the modern means for perfect ventilation, then have an opening in two sides of the room, or have the one window down at the top and raised at the bottom, and so secure a current of air.

Those inclined to wakefulness will find a cold drip-sheet rubbing for a minute beneficial, or a towel bath before retiring will prove a most happy and healthful remedy. Cold foot baths for five minutes at evening are also useful. If the head is hot and the feet cold, lie down and take a head bath at seventy degrees for five minutes, having the back of the head in the water and the feet in a hot foot bath at the same time. A wet napkin around the head will often suffice. A cold sitz bath for fifteen minutes, with a cold cloth to the head and the feet in hot water, equalizes the circulation and quiets the nervous system so as to induce sleep. A full bath at ninety-eight degrees, for twenty minutes or half an hour, has often cured the most obstinate cases of sleeplessness, provided the habits of the day were healthful. A brisk walk in the open air will often quiet the head and tire the body so that sweet sleep will ensue. Then, too, let all subjects of thought, amusements, and employments for the evening be of a kind least exciting. Finally, "Somnus lets her poppies fall most plentifully on those having a cool head, an empty stomach, tired muscles, a quiet conscience, and warm feet."—*The Herald of Health.*

## Dangers of Athletic Exercises.

Mr. Skay, the eminent surgeon, in a letter to the London Times, says: "There is no more palpable example of cruelty than consists in pitting against each other two or more antagonists with a view to determine whose physical powers are capable of most endurance. I say especially endurance, not muscular power; and of this form of cruelty to animals no modern example is so great as the annual University boat race. I have the strongest reasons for believing that this struggle for pre-eminence is fraught with evil consequences to the competitors to a degree not generally contemplated. In these contests emulation operates with a lever force, and it compels each member of the respective crews to put forth every inch of power inherent in his muscular system. This effort during the race is prolonged to a period of from 20 to 25 minutes, taking the extreme range of many past years. The young men enter the boat apparently in the condition of vigorous health. Having accomplished their arduous task, they are thoroughly exhausted, and as I am informed by eye-witnesses of their condition, they have been on occasions so reduced in strength as to be unable to rise from their seats. This simple fact, if it stood alone, demonstrates the severity of the struggle, which, so far as I know, has no equivalent in any other form of game or sport in this or any other country. I desire to express my own conviction, and I believe, I may add, that of my professional brethren generally who have considered the subject, that young men averaging from 20 to 23 years of age cannot perform a feat which compels them to put forth the absolute strength of their physical frame for twenty minutes without injury, often of a permanent nature. Cricket, tennis, football, although prolonged far beyond the time required for the University race, involve no continuous effort of the muscular system. The nearest resemblance to the muscular effort of rowing is, perhaps, found in the act of running at great speed. Supposing a man to run from the moment of starting at the top of his speed, his physical force would be exhausted within two minutes, during which he may have run the distance of half a mile. If the effort in rowing is somewhat less than that of running, the principle, of course, equally holds. The effort to maintain the lead begins from the starting post; the competitors, from the first stroke, put forth their full power, and call upon any reserved strength at the close, if there be any left to call upon. It is a case of death or victory. There is no discretion left to control the expenditure of the muscular power. The intensity of the motive increases as the race draws to a close, and the intensity of the effort increases with it. I venture to assert that the University boat race as at present established is a national folly, and that, until it is brought within the range of a harmless effort, it involves a draught on the muscular powers of the gentlemen engaged in it more or less injurious to their future health, some temporarily, some permanently. It is no argument in its favor that the majority pass through the ordeal unscathed. Probably they do so, but a minority, perhaps a small one, suffer, and there is no gauge by which to determine who will and who will not suffer. The late Dr. Hope, well known to our profession as the author of a work of great authority on diseases of the heart, has often declared that he knew no cause of disease of this organ, so common as hard exercise in rowing. The training for the contest is in one sense an aggravation of the evil. In so far as it strengthens the muscular system, it accelerates the speed, but whenever the exercises approaches the great effort of the race it is an aggravation by its draught oft repeated, both on the circulation and on the nervous system. It is no criterion of the absence of injury that a man can mount his horse and ride, or take his seat at the dinner table at Wilkes's Rooms and eat a hearty dinner, and enter into all the convivialities of the evening. The evil, should it occur, is not immediate, but remote. It is but a seed sown. It may or may not germinate, but that it does occasionally, I will not say how frequently, develop itself into a formidable tree, neither I nor others entertain a doubt. Theoretically it should be so, practically I have myself witnessed some cases, and I have heard of several more, and though such do not, from the limited number of the persons involved, present themselves to our notice in every day's practice, I am persuaded that inquiry would bring to light more than sufficient numbers to prove the necessity of a fuller consideration of this subject, than it has yet received. I shall content myself if I have made out a *prima facie* case for inquiry."

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

IMPEACHMENT.—The report on impeachment was presented by the Judiciary Committee to the U. S. House of Representatives on the 25th. The majority report is in favor of impeaching the President, is signed by Messrs. Boutwell, Thomas, Williams, Lawrence, and Churchill. The minority (Republican) report against impeachment is signed by Messrs. Wilson and Woodbridge. Messrs. Marshall and Kilbridge, (Dem.), present a second dissenting report.

NORTH CAROLINA.—In the Convention there will be a large Radical majority, including 15 colored men.

TENNESSEE.—The Tennessee House of Representatives have passed resolutions instructing the Tennessee Congressmen to vote for impeachment.

JEFF. DAVIS.—The Richmond Grand Jury has prepared a new indictment against Jefferson Davis, which is said to be six times as long as the old one, presenting the same facts in greater detail.

LOUISIANA.—In the Convention on the 27th, Mr. Wickliffe, of Orleans, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we utterly repudiate all desires for class legislation, all desire to Africanize the state; that we do not, as a people or party, desire, or meditate, or countenance bloodshed or revenge; that all we claim is equality before the law for all men, without distinction of race or color, or previous condition; that we deprecate the sentiments expressed in a leading article in the Republican, in its issue of the 23rd instant, and denounce said article as uncalled for, incendiary, and dangerous to the best interests of the party; and declare that said article does not represent the sentiments, wishes, or purposes of the Radical Republican party of Louisiana, or the colored race.

The resolutions were discussed amid considerable excitement, and finally laid on the table by a vote of 46 to 31.

ALABAMA.—The Alabama Reconstruction Convention has granted eight divorces from the bonds of matrimony. We suppose this comes under the general head of "Reconstruction."

CONGRESS.—Mr. Morrill, of Vt., has introduced an important financial bill into the Senate. It provides for the redemption in coin of the legal tender notes, and of National bank currency of the denomination of \$5 and under in coin or legal tenders, on and after the 4th of July, 1899. The bill also makes certain regulations as to the sale of Treasury gold and the reserves of the National Banks.

The nomination of Horace Greeley as Minister to Austria, A. C. Hunt as Governor of Colorado, and Col. Capron as Commissioner of Agriculture, have been confirmed.

## Foreign Intelligence.

THE EUROPEAN CONFERENCE.—Prussia and the Pope have both acceded to the proposed European conference on the Roman question. The conference will meet at Munich on December 11. It has also been acceded to by Italy and by Wurtemberg.

ITALY.—Dispatches from Rome announce that the Holy Father, in accordance with the advice of France, has ordered the release of all the Garibaldians who were taken prisoners during the late campaign.

Transports have been ordered to sail from Toulon for Civita Vecchia, where they will take on board the division of the French expedition in Italy, and will return to France.

It is reported that Garibaldi is lying seriously ill in prison, at Varignano, and his sons have both hurried to his bedside with medical aid.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Diet, by a vote of 181 to 160, has adopted a resolution declaring that the Constitution of Prussia guarantees the liberty of speech. We suppose this means in the Diet—for a Deputy has recently been arraigned before the Courts for a speech made in the Diet.

FRANCE.—It is said France and Austria have concluded a special treaty in regard to their future policy on the Eastern question, and pledge themselves to maintain the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

AUSTRIA.—Baron Von Beust, of Austria, has issued a note, in which he declares that the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope is necessary for the peace of Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A funeral procession of two thousand men, in sympathy with the men executed at Manchester, took place at London on the 24th inst. A black banner in the procession, bore upon it the inscription:

"Man's inhumanity to man, Makes countless millions mourn."

Bitter denunciations of the Manchester executions were made by the speakers at Hyde Park. Good order prevailed, and no disturbance occurred.

Head Centre Francis has been captured in Dublin, with papers on his person.

A CORRESPONDENT of an Irish newspaper claims to have heard of a plan to stop the decay of diseased potatoes. He writes of it as follows: "I have just heard of a plan for preserving partially diseased potatoes from further decay, for pig feeding. As this is a year in which the disease is prevalent, very likely such a plan will be universally adopted. When the diseased potatoes are sorted, they should be taken and boiled, after which they are to be allowed to dry by their own heat, and then put into barrels, and pressed down in a pulp, covered with moistened yellow clay. Then cover the barrel, and allow it to stand by until required for use. A friend of mine by so doing kept them for nine months, in fact until all had been used out, they being in as good a state at the end of that period as when boiled."

Brigham Young orders the young men of Utah to marry "right off" all the unmarried girls, and not allow themselves to be guided by love, but marry as they come. Love he pronounces as a humbug, and winds up by saying that if after a certain time any girls "are left over," he will marry them.

"Captain, me jowl," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement weather, "have ye a salmon on board?" "No, I haven't." "Then, he jabsers, we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

In Pittsburg recently, just after an old gentleman of seventy-six years had been married to a young woman of twenty-three he was observed counting his fingers. The alderman asked him if he was counting how much he intended paying for the job. The old fellow said no, but was counting how many times he had been married, and that this was only the sixth. He soon left with his bride, promising to return during the week and settle his bill.

A gallon of strong lye put into a barrel of hard water it is said will make it as soft as rain water.

Dr. Haden's Pills. (Contd.) Are Infal-

lible as a Purgative and Purifier of

the Blood.

FILE.

Bile in the stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the liver is in a torpid state, when species of acid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Haden's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system, they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, kidneys, nervous diseases, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and symptoms resulting from disorders of the digestive organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

MANUFACTURED BY

ATLANTIC CHERRY PECTORAL surpasses all other remedies in the rapid and radical cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption. nov79-31

HOLDEN'S PILLS.—In all crowded cities, malaria and fevers are breathed over and over again, till the strongest lungs are incapable of producing pure blood, hence the sluggishness of mind and body, the weariness and irritability of many persons during this season of the year. These medicines neutralize these impurities and give vigor to the head, heart and stomach.

DEFICIENCY brought on by the nerves fluid having lost its healthy force, frequently terminates in NERVOUS NEURALGIA, NERVE AGREE and other painful nervous diseases. DR. TIERNEY'S TROCHISCALES OF NERVOUS NEURALGIA PILLS restore the nerves fluid to its vigorous force, and completely and permanently eradicate any of these diseases from the system. Apothecaries have this medicine.

## MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of Oct., by the Rev. John C. Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM WATT, Jr., of Philadelphia, to Miss ELLIE E. MYERS, of Pottstown, Pa.

On the 21st of Nov., by the Rev. Andrew Manly, Mr. WILLIAM H. PARKER to Miss EMMA HOPE, both of this city.

On the 17th of Nov., 1897, by John G. Wilson, D. D., Mr. DAVID E. GARRISON to Miss LUCIA DAVIS, both of this city.

On the 21st of Nov., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN G. RUFF, of Baltimore, to Miss MARY E. LAMBERT, of this city.

On the 21st of May, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. THOMAS W. JONES to Miss JENNIE FAYSTER, both of this city.

On the 22nd of Oct., by the Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. GEORGE W. MCCUTCHEN to Miss MARTHA KEENE, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Nov., MARY A. CHOFFER, in her 81st year.

On the 30th of Nov., ANNE, wife of Wm. Buchanan, in her 23d year.

On the 24th of Nov., Mrs. MARY E. EARLEY, in her 54th year.

On the 25th of Nov., ELIZABETH FISHER, in her 94th year.

On the 20th of Nov., Mrs. CATHERINE, wife of Chas. Hoffman, aged 55 years.

On the 24th of Nov., JERU EVANS, Sr., in his 77th year.

On the 23d of Nov., ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, aged 67 years.

On the 23d of Nov., WILLIAM FLOYD, in his 62d year.

On the 23d of Nov., Mrs. CATHERINE HANCO, in her 65th year.

## THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—The market has been very quiet. About 4,500 bbls sold in lots to the home trade at \$7.00, 75¢ for superfine, \$6.50, 25¢ for extra, \$6.00, 11¢ for low grade, and fancy northwest extra family, \$4.00, 15¢ for Pennsylvania and Ohio families, and \$3.50, 11¢ for fancy brands, according to quality. The flour sells at \$2.50, 9¢ per bbl.

GRAIN.—There has been very little demand for wheat. Sales of 20,000 bush of red at \$2.50 for prime; 24,000 bush of red to good, and \$2.35, 25¢ for common, as to quality, white ranges from \$2.00 to \$2.25 per bush. Rye is dull and rather lower, 4,000 bush sold at \$1.50, 25¢ for prime, and \$1.00, 15¢ for southern do. Corn, 25,000 bush of prime yellow sold at \$1.00, 15¢, 25¢ for do. of western mixed at \$1.00, 15¢, 25¢ for do. of new yellow at \$1.00, 15¢, 25¢ for do. to condition, and 25,000 bush of new western mixed at \$1.00, 15¢, 25¢.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts and stocks of all descriptions continue very light. Pork commands \$22 for Mess; \$21 for prime do., and \$19 for prime. Bacon—Sales of Ham at 10¢ per lb. Side at 10¢ per lb. Lard, 15¢ per lb. Shoulders at 10¢ per lb. Green Meat—Sales of pickled Ham at 15¢ per lb. Lard, 15¢ per lb. and hams at 15¢ per lb. and legs at 15¢ per lb. Butter, 15¢ per lb. and eggs at 15¢ per lb. and roll at 25¢ per lb. These are quoted at 15¢ per lb. Eggs sell at 25¢ per doz.

COTTON.—The market has been very dull. About 90,000 bbls of Middling sold in lots at 15¢, 15¢ for Upland, and 15¢ for Sea Island.

BALTIMORE.—Sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron at \$3.50 per ton.

HOESMAN.—Sales Yellow at 45¢ per ton.

COAL.—There is rather more demand. The cargoes are \$4.50, 15¢ per ton for White Ash, and \$4.50, 15¢ for Black Ash.

FEATHERS.—Western sell at 65¢ per fair and choice.

EGGS.—Dried Apples sell at 75¢ per doz. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 80¢ per doz, and halves at 95¢ per doz. 25¢. Dried Peaches range from 15¢ to 20¢ per doz. Green Apples sell at 10¢ to 15¢ per doz.

HOPS.—Sales at 15¢ to 20¢ for the crop of 1897, as to quality.

IRON.—Pig Iron is dull, sales of No 1 at \$12. No 2 at \$11, and \$10.50 for large. Scotch is quoted at \$12.50 per ton.

SKINS.—800 bush of Cloverseed sold in lots from \$7.50 to \$8.00 for prime. Timothy, 100 bush sold at \$2.50 per ton. Flaxseed sells at \$2.50 per ton.

TALLOW.—City rendered sells at 15¢ per lb., and country at 10¢ per lb.

WOOL.—The market continues very dull, sales at 25¢ to 30¢ for double extra, 25¢ for extra, 20¢ for fine, 15¢ for medium, 10¢ for coarse, 5¢ for tub washed, 25¢ for extra Western pulled, and 10¢ for No 1 Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from sales, etc., were: 2500 cows brought from \$20 to \$25 per head. 8000 head were disposed of from \$15 to \$25 per head. 8000 Hogs sold at from \$10 to \$15 per head.



## A CANINE CHARACTER.

Athos (notorious as "The Red Dog" throughout the whole *arrondissement* of Melun) never knew his parents. His mother abandoned him to the care of a goat, who first suckled him, and then discarded him by means of vigorous thrusts with her horns. His father, an incorrigible poacher, appears to have suffered the penalty of the law before he could lick his infant son. At the present writing, Athos is two years old, having been born in Paris on the 15th day of June, 1865. Height, twenty inches; hair, carrot red; nose, sharp; chin, round; countenance, angular. Personal peculiarity, a habit of breaking and smashing every thing.

In due time, Athos was put out to board and lodge with a gamekeeper, who taught him to find, to point, and to fetch, for twenty francs per month, or two hundred and forty francs per annum. The pupil soon gave signs of promise. In a fortnight he could find a hen in the poultry yard, catch it at the hen-coop, and fetch it to the kennel, where he discussed it in company with a couple of handily-legged terriers.

"Good!" said the keeper when he held the feathers with which the Red Dog had softened the straw of his bed. "I think I shall be able to make something of this fellow."

He at once made out Athos's bill for the month:

	Francs.
Board and instruction during March	20
Hen killed	3
Collar torn	1
Leash broken	1
Medical attendance for indigestion after killing the hen	5
Total	30

The months of April, May, June, July, and August followed, with like results; that is, the Red Dog, making daily progress, added pigeons to hares, ducks to pigeons, and rabbits to ducks. The gamekeeper never had a borderer so little particular in his choice of food.

On the 4th of September, the day before the opening of the shooting season, Athos's master, Monsieur H——, a rising young doctor with a limited practice, came to fetch him. The teacher brought him out in triumph.

"Monsieur," he said, "you have got there a most wonderful dog. I shall be curious to hear of his performances."

"Does he point well?"

"Nothing to boast of. He dashes off in fine style; but he listens to nothing, will have his own way, flushes the game a hundred yards off, runs after it a mile, and then comes down upon the other dogs like a thunderbolt. A good creature, nevertheless, keen nose, sweet temper; all you want."

"How does he find?"

"Very tolerably. But he is sometimes before you, sometimes behind you, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left; never within gunshot, and often not within earshot. But a good creature, sharp-eyed, sure footed, keen nosed, sweet-tempered; all you want."

"But I hope at least, that he can fetch?"

"Whatever you like; hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges; only he brings the hares and rabbits in quarters and the partridges in halves. But an excellent creature, capital teeth, fine sent, sweet temper; you want nothing more."

"I can shoot with him, then?"

"Certainly. Here is his little bill."

	Francs.
Six months' board and paternal care, at 20 francs per month, as agreed	120
16 hens killed, at 3 fr.	48
4 ducks do, do, at 3 fr.	12
6 pigeons ditto, at 1 fr.	6
18 rabbits ditto, at 3 fr.	54
2 fat geese ditto, at 4 fr.	8
3 neighbors' cats ditto, at 5 fr.	15
Crockery broken	45
Sheets, napkins and towels torn and destroyed	120
Children bitten, gendarmes insulted, rural policemen scared	100
Total	529

"Five hundred and twenty-nine francs!" exclaimed Monsieur H——, frightened out of his wits. "Why, the sum is perfectly exorbitant."

"Not a sou too much. Only keep your dog a fortnight, and you will see whether I have overcharged a single item."

"Athos must be a confounded thief, then—a thorough brigand!"

"Not at all. He's only young; fond of play. He kills right and left, he plunders, he devours. But he's almost a puppy; he'll grow staid with age. A good creature, sweet temper; the very thing for you."

Monsieur H—— paid the money with a half-suppressed sigh, and started for the farm over which he was to shoot next day in company with a few select friends and Athos the Terrible.

The night passed quietly enough. The only serious discussion the Red Dog had was with the house-dog, the shepherd's dog, the lap-dog, and the eight pointers, his future companions. The whole was summed up in a few torn ears and an administration of the whip by a woe-wearer, whose hand was as heavy as his slanders were light. Next morning, at seven, the sportsmen, after swallowing a cup of *café-au-lait*, which was to support them till eleven, and Athos with a capon on his conscience, which enabled him to wait for the first wounded hare, ranged themselves in battle array.

The first shot was fired at a covey of partridges, immediately after entering a field of beechwood. A bird fell at Athos's nose; he looked at it disdainfully, and set off in chase of the rest of the covey. Unluckily, it kept upon the wing until it reached the Marquis de Bontons's property. Athos, caring little for such trifles, followed it with all the strength of his legs and his lungs.

"Hang the dog! Here, Athos!" and other cries, burst forth from the exasperated gunners.

The noise attracted the marquis's gamekeeper, who whistled the dog to come to him. But Athos, taught by experience that a keeper's whistle is often the precursor of

his whip, stared at the whistler and continued the chase, as if Department of Seine-et-Marne had contained neither a keeper nor a marquis. Nevertheless, the stoutest sinews will tire. After having his run, Athos thought fit to rejoin the sportsmen. As he sauntered up in one direction, the marquis's keeper stalked forward in the other.

"Monsieur," he said, politely, uncovering first his badge of office and then his head, "I am very sorry for what has happened, for you have certainly there a most wonderful dog. But we have a painful duty to perform. You will receive to-morrow a summons for trespass. Good morning, Monsieur. I wish you luck."

"A nice beginning!" muttered poor H——.

"If you wish it to go on better," said one of his friends, "I advise you to fasten Athos to your game-bag behind you. Here's a capital strap. If it breaks, I will pay for all the mischief he does."

The advice was found good. A minute afterwards, Athos and his master were a semi-attached couple, entertaining about the same mutual affection as a constable and his prisoner. They set off again to continue their sport.

"Parbleu!" said H——, "it was the best thing I could do. Gently, Athos, there's a good dog. I've got you, however. Go at them, now, all you like."

Telling Athos to "go at them," was like telling a thief to steal. He did go at them so well that he upset his master, and got loose by tearing the game-bag to which he was fastened. He then celebrated his liberty by a zig-zag steeplechase, in the course of which he did not leave even a lark upon the ground.

"I have had enough of it for to-day," said H——. "You will find me at the farm. Perhaps you will keep an eye on Athos."

Before entering the house, he thought it prudent to discharge the left barrel of his gun, which he had not fired. He took aim at an apple, and pulled the trigger. The apple did not fall, but the barrel burst. A handful of earth had plugged the mouth of the barrel when the Red Dog had thrown him down on the ground.

At noon the sportsmen returned to luncheon. The Red Dog led the way, seizing, as he entered, a fine roast fowl, breaking the dish, spilling the gravy over the farmer's wife's new dress, and upsetting a maid-servant laden with a basket of eggs.

"A pretty piece of business!" exclaimed the farmer's wife. "If people have no better dogs than that, the best thing they can do is to leave them at home. The next time the Red Dog sets foot in here the house will be too hot to hold him."

"The dog will be my ruin," H—— said to himself, turning as red as a new-boiled lobster. "If this goes on, I shall have to leave the country. I must really take some decisive step."

With infinite trouble he caught the Red Dog, then he bound him hand and foot; and then he chained him to an iron staple inside the box of his dog-cart, which he double locked, and fastened outside with an additional bolt. In this way he reached home without much further unpleasantness. But while his friends were counting their game, he made a little estimate, for his own edification, of what Athos had cost him up to that moment:

	Francs.
Keeper's bill for board and training	529
Capon for Athos's breakfast	4
Summons for trespass, &c., &c.	40
Mending torn game-bag	3
Gun burst	300
Roast fowl, for dinner	4
Dish broken	3
Replacing merino dress spoiled by the spilt gravy	60
Basketful of eggs broken	5
Total	948

A fortnight passed without H——'s friends hearing any news of him or his dog. One of them at last received the following note:

"MY DEAR CHARLES—  
"You know how I hate that fellow Lejune, and the cause of my hatred. You are aware that he beguiled away my first patient, and persuaded the woman I loved to marry him. I swore to be revenged, and I have kept my word. I have presented him with Athos; he accepts the Red Dog."  
"Ever yours, in delightful haste,  
"HENRI H——"

Of the ingenious atrocity of this mode of vengeance it is needless for us to say a word.

Webster's Courtship.

The following incident is related of the late Daniel Webster's courtship. He was then a young lawyer in Portsmouth, N. H. At one of his visits to Miss Grace Fletcher, he had, probably with a view of combining utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying, "Grace, we have been tying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot—one which will not undo for a lifetime." He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And now in a little box, marked by him with the words "Precious Documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial is still to be found. The knot has never been untied.

THE latest style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Indiana. It is described as consisting of two straws tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price \$19.

JOSEPH COON, of Elkhart county, Ind., was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary six years for an assault with intent to kill. He moved for a new trial, which was granted, and now the jury "send him up" for ten years.

A flippant Frenchman boasted that the emperor spoke to him the other day at the garden of the Tuilleries. Some one asked him sarcastically what he said. "He bid me stand out of the way," was the reply.

## A SEA-SHORE LOVE.

I.

My love and I oft loitered on the beach,  
With the cool waves close rippling to our side,  
Laden with seaweeds from mysterious depths,  
Which formed weird wreaths for the receding tide.

And often, too, on ragged spray-wet rocks,  
We sat for hours, and gazed far out to sea,  
Forgetful quite of time, fast speeding by.  
So happy in our happy thoughts were we.

Young Love was god, enthroned within her heart,  
Who held my own in his sweet open hands,  
And gently chained me with his magic chains.

And bound me fast with many golden bands.

II.

But love grew wan and wasted, and he died—  
As touched with chill frost dies the tender flower;  
The golden bands grew tarnished, dull and weak.

The magic chains lost all their potent power.  
The hands were severed! Love was dead,  
And I

Went forth into the world and life again:  
Alas! how drear and desolate they seemed—  
Like some dark, trackless, arid plain.

III.

Again I face the wild, wide, rock-bound shore,  
Again I stand and gaze far out to sea;  
There are the same white sails that rose and sank—

But oh, how changed is everything to me.

I stand alone, where glad I stood erewhile,  
With one I fondly trusted by my side;  
But Love was weak and frail, and did not live;

I cursed him, but she blessed him that he died!

## THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN:

Or, Napoleon's Three Warnings.

The celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, was retained for a time, it is well known, in the service of the Bourbons after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluent ease on the gains of his long and busy career. Curiosity attracted many visitors around this remarkable man, and he was habitually free in communicating his reminiscences of the great events which it had been his lot to witness. On one occasion the company assembled in his saloon heard from his lips the following story:

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, every thing about him in the days of the consulate began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habits were revived one by one. Among the revivals of this kind, the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience was restored, and Bonaparte himself was punctual in his appearance at the chapel of St. Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the choirists, and great crowds of busy, talkative people were in the habit of visiting the gallery of the chapel, from the windows of which the first consul and Josephine could be seen, with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court to the people.

At one particular time, the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eyes of her husband were too much directed to a window in the gallery, where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, the brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage, caused more uneasiness to the consul's wife, as the stranger's eyes were bent no less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her.

"Who is that young girl?" said Josephine, one day, at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the first consul? I observed her drop a billet just down at his feet. He picked it up; I saw him."

No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice precisely was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigrant lady lately returned, and who was probably desirous of the intervention of the first consul in favor of her family.

With such guesses as this the consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of the same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out, accompanied by his wife, his brother Joseph, Generals Duroc and Cambaceres, and Hortense Beauharnois, wife of Louis Bonaparte.

The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and these were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's place. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park it went crash against a stone at the gate, and the first consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate, in a stunned or insensible condition. Meanwhile the horses sprang forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning state.

The rest of the party quickly returned to the first consul, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Leading over his shoulder, Josephine read these words: "Do not drive out in your carriage to-day."

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could foresee that I was to play the part of a

coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive into a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned, very pale, and took the first consul aside.

"Citizen consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped our drive, we had all been lost!"

"How?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage, concealed behind the back seat, a bomb—a massive bomb, and with a slow match attached to it, kindled! Things had been so arranged that in a quarter of an hour we should have been scattered among the trees in the Park of St. Cloud. There must be some treachery close at hand. Fouché must be told of this—Duroc must be warned."

"Not a word, then," replied Bonaparte. "The knowledge of one plot but engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambaceres, tell none of them; and let not the government journals say one word about my fall."

The first consul was then silent for some time. At length he said, "Duroc, you come to-morrow to mass in the chapel, and examine with attention a young girl I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery, on the right. Follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police to interfere. Have you taken care of the bomb, and removed it?"

"I have, citizen consul."

"Come, then, let us again drive in the park," said Bonaparte.

The drive was resumed, but on this occasion the coachman was allowed to fulfil his own duties.

On the morrow the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the elegant figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient first consul, with his confident, Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the services that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. She was seen at mass no more.

"A petition, madam?" he said, inquiringly, and then continued, "fear nothing; I shall present it, and see justice done!"

"Citizen consul!" cried the woman, imploringly, joining her hands.

What he would have further said was lost. The coachman, who, it was afterwards said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and off they sprang with the speed of lightning. Napoleon, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions—

"I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed rapidly along; it was just issuing from the street St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingled with and followed by a crash of broken windows. The infernal machine had exploded!

Uninjured, the carriage of the consul and his inmates was whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and an unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises on such occasions.

All were stunned and stupefied. Bonaparte alone was perfectly calm. He stood, with crossed arms, listening attentively to the oratorio of Haydn, which was executed on that evening.

Suddenly he remembered the paper put in his hands. He took it out, and read these lines:

"In the name of Heaven, citizen consul, do not go to the opera to-night. If you do go, pass not through the street St. Nicholas."

The warning came, in some respects, too late.

On reading these words, the first consul happened to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box in the third tier, sat the young girl of the chapel of St. Cloud, and with joined hands, seeming to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair, and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, with the consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door.

"Go," said Bonaparte, quietly but quickly, to Lannes, "go to the box directly opposite to us on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a dark mantle. Bring her to the Tuilleries. I must see her." And, without raising his eyes, but to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm, and said, pointing upward, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stopped suddenly. The girl was gone—no black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed by this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent out Lannes to intercept her. It was all in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouché and Dubois, but all the zeal of those functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine, and the strange accompanying circumstances tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. Allied Europe poured its troops into France, and compelled the emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken over half the civilized earth. The Isle of Elba became, for the day, the most remarkable spot on the globe; and, finally, the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot on the bark that was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends, who had followed the fallen chief to the very last, were standing by him to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lips which had recently given a farewell kiss to the imperial eagle. At that instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of womanhood, not a girl, but yet young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she would at any time have been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, add-

ing interest to her appearance, even at that moment.

"Sire!" said she, presenting him a paper, "read! read!"

The emperor took the epistle presented to him, but kept his eye on the presenter. He seemed, it may be, to feel at that instant the perfumed breeze of the park of St. Cloud—to hear the choristers chanting melodiously in the chapel as he heard them in other days. Josephine, Duroc, and all his friends, came hapless before him, and among them the face that he was wont to see at the fourth window of the gallery. His eye was now on that countenance in reality—altered, yet the same. These illusory recollections were of short duration. Napoleon shook his head, and held the paper to his eyes. After perusing its contents, he took the paper between his hands and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire," said the woman; "follow the advice! Be warned! It is yet time!"

"No," replied he, and he took from his finger a beautiful Oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaign, held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling, and kissed the hand which presented it. Turning his head, the emperor then stepped into the boat which waited to take him to the vessel. Not long afterward he was pining on the rock of St. Helena.

Thus, of the three warnings two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated Napoleon's fate if once in the power of his adversaries—was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"Oh!" replied Fouché, "I know not with certainty. The emperor, if he knew ultimately, seems to have kept the secret."

All that is known respecting the matter is, that a female who was related to St. Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street St. Nicholas, died at the hospital Hotel Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite Oriental ruby of Napoleon.

## WILL YOU BE TRUE?

The sinful tongue of man may hurl  
Dark words of hate and ill;  
Deceitful lips with scorn may curl,  
And slander me at will;  
But through it all I'll bravely ride,  
With heart both light and free,  
And leap the gulf both deep and wide,  
If you'll be true to me.

Their sinful hearts may oft conspire  
To do me woe and wrong!  
And speak aloud their vengeful ire  
In curses loud and long;  
But I will calmly bear it all,  
And stem the troubled sea,  
If you will answer now my call,  
And e'er be true to me.

Their cruel words may near my heart,  
And burn more deeply still,  
But I will nobly bear my part  
Without one pang or thrill;  
And though their words with force may fall,  
And dark their plans may be,  
With lighter heart I'll bear it all,  
If you'll be true to me.

## Duelling in the Eighteenth Century.

There were many circumstances which tended to make duels more frequent in the last century than they are at present. The inefficiency of the watch, the unlighted state of the streets, the proximity of fields and secluded places to the city and west-end, the fashion of wearing swords and hangers, the immoderate taste for gambling, the practice of drinking deeply, even in good society, the violence and acrimony of political feeling, the frequency of intrigues and amours in fashionable life—all, doubtless, contributed to swell the list of murders which were perpetrated under the name of duels.

Did the stranger who sat opposite to you in the coffee-house differ from you in opinion; did the blacklegs with whom you had just lost a few thousands at faro, after coming out of your estate, jeer you upon venturing no more; did your friend refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of your mistress over his, there was no other remedy than a duel, and a duel was accordingly "got up," and fought—frequently in the room, even, where the dispute arose—as in the following instance, which we copy from a newspaper of 1710:

"As Mr. C—— was yesterday passing the Adelphi coffee-house, he was met by Mr. L——, with whom he had a slight dispute the day before, in which some offensive words had been used. Mr. C—— dragged him into the coffee-room, and looking the door, handed him a loaded pistol, and pointing one himself, desired him to fire. The pistols being discharged without effect, Mr. C—— drew his sword, and called on Mr. L—— to defend himself; but the report of the pistols and the clashing of the weapons attracting the attention of a club which was assembled in the adjoining room, the door was broken open, and the combatants were separated without further injury."

The peculiar notions of the age rendered a duel almost a necessary resentment of an affront, punishment of an injury, or settlement of a dispute. What says Dr. Johnson? "He, then, who fights a duel does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence, to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven from society. I could wish there were not that superfluity of sentiment, but while such notions prevail no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel." Here, then, we have the least chivalrous of philosophers giving a specious justification of this barbarous practice, and allowing the lawfulness of murder when it was necessary to preserve a man's station in society!

A duel at this time was "open to persons of limited means," as the advertisements would say. There was no outlay in the purchase of hair-triggered pistols; no expensive trip to Wimbledon Common or Wormwood Scrubs. A sword was always ready at hand, and the green fields and retired lanes were close to Charing Cross; and an angry partisan, a ruined gamester, or a heated bacchanalian, was converted in a moment into a murderer in less time than it now occupied in choosing a place of rendezvous. A



half-pay officer, or a retired captain who "had a taste that way," although frequently a stranger to both the parties concerned, would always come forward to offer his services to either of them as second, and, while the drowsy watchman was slumbering on his post, a mortal wound was often given and received in this way in the very streets of London.

A duel was not of much use even to the penny-a-liner—it was too common an event. Each paltry squabble was decided by a duel; every frivolous dispute was followed by a combat; and the persons who had been discussing some political question in the coffee-room, staking their property at the gambling-table, or toasting their respective mistresses at the banquet, scarcely considered their discussion, or their game, or their evening's amusement, concluded until they had "crossed swords" in the nearest meadow. Can we look through a single novel written in the eighteenth century, and illustrating its manners, without finding at least a brace of duels in it? It was the fashion for friends to run each other through the body, and the occurrence was, perhaps, reported in the papers next day (perhaps not noticed at all)—not as it would be now—a-days, headed "Horrible Tragedy!" and emblazoned in large type and garnished with notes of exclamation, but concisely stated as a matter of ordinary occurrence, to the effect that Mr. So-and-so and Mr. Such-and-so, having had an altercation respecting a celebrated toast, they had fought in Such-and-such fields, when Mr. Such-and-so was mortally wounded by a thrust from his adversary's sword. What, for instance, can read colder or tamer than the following paragraph from the "Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer" of the London Magazine of August, 1785?

"Thursday, 7th.—About six this morning a duel was fought near the Horse Guard House, at Kensington, between James Lee, Esq., of the county of Salop, and Jonathan Andrews, Esq., an ensign in Colonel Reed's regiment of foot at Gibraltar; when, after several passes, the former received a slight wound in his left breast, and the other was run through the body and died on the spot. Mr. Andrews gave the challenge, and they fought at first in the Privy Garden; but Mr. Lee's sword being broke, they were parted, and went home to their lodgings, which were in the same house. Mr. Andrews would not rest, but challenged him again, and so met his fate."

A more amusing report in the Westminster Journal of February the 19th, 1774, shows how general was the resort to weapons of offense among all classes to settle disputes; but in this case we have the pistol elected umpire instead of the sword:

"Wednesday a duel was fought behind Montague House between two journeymen lace-weavers. The combatants entered the field accompanied by their seconds, when, the usual ceremonies being gone through, one of the parties discharged his pistol, the ball from which took away part of the sleeve of his antagonist's coat; and then, like a man of courage, without waiting for the fire being returned, made the best of his way off the field. The quarrel began at a public house, about the mode of cooking a dish of sprats, one insisting on having them fried, and the other on having them broiled. With the assistance of some friends, the sum of three shillings was raised to procure the use of pistols to decide this important contest. To such a pitch is the most honorable profession of duelling arrived!"

Verily, we should think these worthy weavers had "other fish to fry" than to get into a broil suited only to their betters! Such disputes as these, got up in such a way, in such a place, and on such a subject, might naturally be considered deserving such a mode of adjustment, and society could have spared either of the two fools engaged in this rencontre. But such valuable lives as Sheridan's, Fox's, Pitt's, Wilkes's, Kemble's and Castlereagh's were more than once jeopardized in the same foolish manner. In fact, there was scarcely, we should say, a single man of the century who had made himself eminent in letters, arts, science or politics, who had not fought his one or more duels.

These weavers had selected the aristocratic duel grounds "behind Montague House," which, together with Hyde Park, were the general scenes of rencontres in high life. In the latter, the Duke of Hamilton and the infamous Lord Mohun fought and fell; and the seconds, Hamilton and Macartney, were wounded, in the memorable duel of November, 1712, (fought in the presence of many uninvited spectators,) of which Swift writes to Stella, "The duke was helped to the lake-house, by the ring in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass before they could reach the house." But these "ceremonious duels," as a modern writer says, with a levity hardly consistent with the subject, "to which men were formally invited some time before-hand, and in which more guests than two participated," were scarcely of more frequent occurrence than the "off-hand duels—impromptu exertions of that species of lively humor."

"Horace Walpole, senior, quarrelled with a gentleman in the House of Commons, and they fought at the star foot. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth stepped out of a dining-parlor in the 'Star and Garter Tavern' in Pall Mall, and fought by the light of a bedroom candle in an adjoining apartment. More than one duel occurred in Pall Mall itself."

So says—and says truly—Charles Knight, in that delightful collection of anecdotes and historical facts relating to past and present "London."

Many a high-minded and honorable man fell in as paltry a quarrel as could be conceived. Much noble blood soaked into the fields of Islington and Pancras in a miserable cause; an idle word, a hasty censure, a thoughtless jest, must all be blotted out in blood! And, although the blood that was shed was sufficient to wash away the worst that had provoked it, they still remained unforgotten. Courage of this sort, foolhardiness, recklessness, or mere bombast, could neither sustain a falsehood nor support a truth!

Mark Twain describes the Syrian female as so sinfully ugly that they "cannot smile after twelve o'clock Saturday night without breaking the Sabbath."

# "OUR BABY."

BY GERALDINE LEE.

You are home at last, dear husband;  
It was so very late,  
That I thought I'd take the baby  
And meet you at the gate.  
But the river breeze was chilling,  
And I did not dare to wait.

You should have seen the baby—  
All through the live long day  
He sat in his willow cradle,  
With his toys and bird at play,  
And his laugh rang out like a silver bell,  
So musical and gay.

He knows your step on the threshold,  
Almost as well as I,  
And he waves his chubby fingers  
As if about to fly,  
And he gazes from the window  
To see if you are nigh.

And when he sees you coming,  
You ought to see his eyes,  
Like violets through dewdrops,  
Light up with sweet surprise:  
Do you know, he sometimes seems to me  
Like an angel in disguise?

And when he grows weary,  
And his drooping eyelids close,  
I can almost hear the angels  
Lull him into sweet repose;  
While a gleam of heaven's own sunlight  
On each radiant feature glows.

Oh, we tremble for our baby—  
What may his future be?  
Wilt Thou, Our Father, guide him  
O'er life's uncertain sea,  
And bring his storm-tossed bark at last  
Safe home to heaven and Thee?

## MRS. POPHAM;

### OR, THE STORY OF A LONDON FOG.

My first year of married life—it is now some twenty years ago—was also my first residence in London, and on very limited means. Having agreed to prefer a small income together, to waiting for a larger one far apart, Edgar Linton and myself were also agreed that we would be satisfied with what that income would give us, and bide our time for the rest. He enjoyed society as much as any one, and was as hospitable at heart then as he is now (he is not listening, is he? deep in his new book—that is all right!) but he knew that society and hospitality were luxuries to be only sparingly indulged in, and we neither accepted invitations to dinner, nor for some time did we give any. With my own free will this time would have lasted longer; but I was not to have my own way in this matter, even during that first year of bridal supremacy.

"There are two things, my love, which you will have to make up your mind to put up with," had been Edgar's warning when we were discussing our plans before marriage; "one is London smoke, of which your country notions give you a very inadequate idea; and the other, of which you have no idea whatever, is the friendliness of my friend Mrs. Popham. If your capacity for happiness prevail over these two little obstacles, I have no fears about the rest."

I laughed as I assured him I had none on the subject; and for some months after we were settled in our small home in — Street, and I had learned how trying London "blacks" could be to senses accustomed to pure breezes and liberal cleanliness—how impossible it was to preserve muslin and chintz from darkening shadows, or to handle a book from Edgar's well-filled shelves without the preliminary ceremonial of a serious dusting—I had more than once rallied him on his second grievance, and remarked that friendliness in London was by no means so overwhelming as I had been led to suppose. A note of congratulation and a pair of gilt candlesticks, which never stood steadily enough to be of any use, had, so far, been all I had seen of the dreaded Mrs. Popham. She lived at that time at Richmond, and was, in fact, too much engaged during the season to think of us, and as she always went to the sea in August, it was not till October that her visits began; but once begun, my little jokes on the subject were effectually stopped. She was very imposing in her personal appearance, both from her size and the magnificent extent of her rustling silk dress; and when she sat down in our little drawing-room, looked so utterly disproportionate to it, that I felt as if I ought to apologize for not offering her more spacious accommodation. This, in itself, was not much of a grievance, and I soon ceased to think so, after I had been assured several times, in the most emphatic manner, that my house was the most charming little nest in the world, and that Mrs. Popham had said to her Georgiana over and over again, that, for real comfort and happiness, give her just such a sized sitting-room as dear Mrs. Linton's. The first day she came she looked at everything in the room, and asked its history. This rather amused me, and helped off the shyness of a first visit. The second time she sat in judgment on my housekeeping, and cross-questioned me on the amount of my weekly bills, the consumption of tea and sugar in my kitchen, the efficiency of my servants, and a variety of other points on which I was not at all disposed to stand an examination, even though it wound up with praise of my excellent management, and envy at the peacefulness of my lot. But I remembered Edgar's words, and that her husband's father had been a kind friend of Edgar's father, and that as his house of business did the business of the Pophams, it was better that we should remain the affectionate friends we were. So I kept my feelings to myself, and was as courteous to Mrs. Popham as I felt was due to both. She tried my patience very much that autumn, certainly. She would drive in to luncheon uninvited, bringing her daughter with her, whom I knew to be exceedingly fastidious and very much spoiled, and who did not think it necessary, as her mother did, to appear charmed with everything upon the table. As we kept but two maid-servants, it was some times very inconvenient to provide such guests with the delicacies they expected at a short notice; and Mrs. Popham would let me know on arriving that she had

no time to spare—that dear Georgy was ordered hot luncheons and port wine, and might she ask if it could be ready immediately, as they had a great deal to do, and the day were shortening so fast? She had brought me a few grapes and a little celery, both of which I could have done without; and thankfully, rather than run the risk of spoiling Edgar's dinner by putting my active but hasty cook out of temper for the rest of the day. Then, when she had a married daughter staying with her, she would send in her three little girls to spend the day with me; their nurse (also a guest, and hard to please,) bringing written instructions what they might eat and drink, and how late they might stay to tea before the carriage fetched them home. I am really fond of children, and can make myself very happy with a little girl or two for my companions, when I am at leisure and in spirits to amuse them, and be amused by their prattle and fun; but these grandchildren of Mrs. Popham's were pets, who had learned the art of tiring out everybody who came near them; and very tiring indeed I found them for the first two or three visits. Dissected puzzles, which I had been at the pains to procure as an unexceptionable diversion, were spurned as being stupid and like lessons; a doll from the Soho Bazaar, whose muslin dress and blue sash would have been a dazzling vision in my early days, was despised because cousins had a Princess Royal, whose eyes opened and shut; and an offer of a popular story-book nearly led to its being torn to pieces, in the struggle as to who should look at the pictures first. A bright suggestion of mine, remembering a delight of my own childhood, of the girls being each furnished with a piece of dough, their sleeves tucked up, and their frocks properly protected, were happier one afternoon making cakes than I believe they had ever been before in their short, ill-trained lives. The worst of it was that they were wild to come again to-morrow, and tormented everybody till they did come; but from that day I gained a certain amount of influence over them, as a dispenser of un-dreamed-of pleasures, that made it easier to insist on a proportionate amount of good behavior.

"I know who spoils my grandchildren," Mrs. Popham observed the next time she called. "Really, my dear Mrs. Linton, you have so stolen those little hearts of theirs I am growing quite jealous and shall be asking soon if I may not come and make cakes myself. Seriously, it is a very good thing to learn how such articles are made, even when they are raised above the necessity of making them; and I dare say you understand a vast deal more than is useful—it is natural and proper that you should—than either of my daughters with all their advantages. I always said to Edgar Linton when I spoke to him of matrimony, 'Whatever you do, my dear Edgar, choose a wife for useful qualities, not for what may be showy for a time, but will, in your position, be of no real service in the end.' I did indeed, and I am sure he is grateful to me now. I was very much interested in selecting a well and judiciously; I assure you it was a bold measure in any one to accept him, she was sure to be so narrowly criticised. Mr. Popham and myself have always had his welfare deeply at heart, and were so afraid of his choosing, as young men will, some one towards whom we could not feel as we do to you, dear. But now, we often say, we know no house where so much comfort reigns, because there is no attempt at too much. It is just what I most admire—simple taste and no pretension."

Well, this was all very gratifying, no doubt, or might have been had I received it as it was intended I should; but I must confess it made me angry to be praised for want of pretension by Mrs. Popham, and I did not care to know that she was relieved of a great anxiety by Edgar's choice of a useful wife. I turned it off with the best grace I could, and an allusion to the "Vicar of Wakefield" and Mulready's picture of "The Wedding Gown"; both of which allusions fell rather flat, on account of Mrs. Popham's not having read the one or understood the other. However, she was good enough to pretend to see my meaning, wished she had my memory, and that her countless avocations and engagements would allow her time to read, and took leave, repeating her gracious assurance of her being quite jealous of my favor with her sweet grandchildren.

With those treasures next came they were full of quite a new topic, before which even the glories of little pigs with currant eyes, and no particular tail, grew dim and poor. They had a cousin come to stay with them, Cousin Edith Acton—quite grown up, but a nice cousin, who was not always in the drawing-room or driving out in the carriage, like mamma and Aunt Georgy, but constantly in the nursery, helping nurse to arrange all their frocks and things, and playing with them at such delightful games, you had no idea. A little questioning elicited further information. Sophy, the eldest Miss Hounslow, who sometimes startled me by her resemblance to Mrs. Popham, explained that Cousin Edith was not come only as a visitor, but to be useful, as she was dependent on the goodness of grandpapa and grandmamma for a home, instead of being thrown upon strangers; and Aunt Georgy had said it was odious to have poor relations in the house, always supposed to be martyrs, and filling up the place of pleasanter people—but grandmamma had promised Cousin Edith should never be in the way, and she never was. Should I not like her to come next time, and might that be the day after to-morrow? I declined this last favor with thanks, and heard no more of the newcomer till Mrs. Popham brought her to call. Before I had had time to do much more than observe a kind, gentle face, rather careworn, with clear honest eyes, and a mouth of great sweetness, Mrs. Popham, without giving me any notice, ordered her up to my bedroom to look at the pattern of the chintz.

I had an argument about it yesterday with my daughters, and we could not agree about the color, so please, dear Edith, to study them thoroughly so as to settle the dispute. Oh, and by-the-way, I dare say you may look into the spare room at that sweet sketch of Mrs. Linton's—quite a little gem—I have longed to steal it, and carry it away with me, ever since I saw it there."

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If they were easily pleased, I was not; I was in despair. I knew my guests by this time, and was perfectly aware that they would expect a real dinner party, and be highly affronted with less. And Edgar, instead of sympathizing with my consternation, seemed to think it all rather a good joke. He had seen it coming some time, he said, only he would not alarm me too soon; he had no fear whatever but that all would go right; I could manage worse difficulties than these; what money must I have? He should set it down to professional expenses, and make some innocent person pay the penalty, one way or another. In short, I saw he wished it done, and from that moment resolved to do it well.

A first dinner party is always a nervous matter, even when you have nothing to do but to order whatever is in season; or, if you are extremely fashionable, whatever is out of season; but when you have to combine elegance with economy—hospitality with good management—and at once keep within the bounds of a judicious reserve, and leave no room for a slur on your housekeeping, it is rather a difficult problem to solve. And when you are patronized all the time by an affectionate friend like Mrs. Popham, it becomes, let me in all candor confess, a trial of temper. We did our best to forestall her imagined wishes, selecting, if not our most esteemed acquaintances to meet them, those whom we thought they would prefer to meet; and resolved, as it was to be, it should be with as good a grace as possible. But the confidence we began to feel in our resources

was by no means shared by Mrs. Popham. Though she answered the note of invitation in person, and accepted for the party in such very gracious terms, and with so many expressions of anticipated amusement, that I was half inclined (my temper, as hinted above, being on trial) to tell her that if she made such a favor of it, she had better stay away—she sent me, during the intervening week, three several missives, all bearing, more or less, on the arrangements of my table. First it was about the dreadful draught under the dining-room door, which she had not liked to mention the last time she had luncheon with me, and only mentioned now on darling Georgy's account; then came a confidential note about some particular kind of biscuit, without which Mr. Popham could never enjoy his glass of wine, and which was only to be had at some particular shop a long way off; and—what the last was I forget. I only know that, by way of climax, as I was taking a hurried luncheon, on the very day of the proposed party—a dull, gloomy, piercing day, enough to drive all the spirit of hospitality out of the breast of any hostess in the world—a fly drove up to the door, depositing Miss Acton and Sophy after a visit to the dentist. It was the only treat that human ingenuity at Richmond could devise capable of bribing Miss Hounslow to have a tooth out; and this Edith was desired to tell me, as a compliment calculated to puff me up with pride; but she was evidently so ashamed to give the message, I was sure it was not the real reason of their coming. I could not help laughing, notwithstanding my vexation, as I set them down to their cold meat, and told them they were lucky to get anything at all. "You must take the consequences," I said; "if you come on a busy day, you must expect to be busy too. I have no time to sit and talk to you, and no room for cake-making, so if you stay you must be useful, and help as much as you can."

I could not have suggested a more popular novelty, as far as Sophy was concerned; she was perfectly entranced at being set to do little offices of general utility, helping me to get out my best china, blanching the almonds, and arranging the dessert, with as much delight as if it had been all part of a big baby house, got together purely for her individual amusement. If she was useful, Edith Acton was invaluable. We had met two or three times since that first visit, and I had seen her each time under circumstances that had convinced me her temper was far superior to her taste in drawing. I am rather observing in small matters; and little traits of selfishness and honesty, that escaped her unconsciously, did not escape me. Therefore I felt no repugnance, after the first vexation was over, to letting her into all the mysteries of my frugal household; and was even coaxed into allowing her to undertake a complicated piece of needle-work on my personal behalf, which I had really not had time to do before. We were too busy to notice how time was going, till we became aware all at once that it was very dark, and that the fog was thickening; and Edith began to wonder their fly had not come according to order. Even while she was wondering, the atmosphere seemed to grow denser as a wall round the windows, the lamps faded into dimness, the rattle of wheels became muffled, and even the air of the house partook of the thickness of the exterior.

"My dears," I said, after reconnoitring the street, "if your conveyance does not come, I cannot send out for another in this fog. You must stay where you are till dinner time, and go back in Mrs. Popham's carriage."

Edith shook her head, and looked troubled and uneasy; but Sophy protested it was quite delightful, and if the stupid coachman came now, she should hate him. To be allowed to drink tea out of my little bedroom tea-service, the wedding gift of a dear friend, was only a lesser treat than being so exceedingly useful; and I never saw a child more thoroughly happy and good-humored. We had no time to devote to her amusement, and left her in contented enjoyment, while we were busy over the dress Miss Acton had been trimming; and so pleasant and winning had that young lady been in everything she had done for me that day, that as I took the finished work from her hands, I could not help giving her a grateful kiss, as if we had been old friends. To my surprise she clung round my neck, and I felt her sobbing so violently I was quite alarmed. My alarm perhaps helped her to recover herself before the tears had time to burst forth; she drank a little water, walked to the window a few minutes, and then after a quick glance at the door, as if to ascertain whether Sophy's sharp little ears were listening, began an apology, which, from what I knew of her history, I did not think at all required. I could well imagine, from the sadness that I had more than once detected in her gentle eyes, that that piece of good service in which her portly kinswoman gloried so complacently, had cost something in the doing, a wrench of the heart-strings, a blotting out of a bright dream—no one could see how worn was the young face, and not divine that such might be the cause. But I could not then ask her confidence, I was fain to turn my eyes away from the beseeching appeal of hers, for the afternoon was nearly gone, and my domestic cares were by no means ended. I had just stepped down to put a few finishing touches to the arrangement of my drawing-room, and was thinking, with some complacency, how pretty it looked for its size, and what excellent taste Edgar had in harmonizing colors, and selecting material, when the door-bell rang loudly, "Poor little Sophy!" I thought, "here is your trusty driver at last." I listened—a man's voice was inquiring for me—a visitor, at this time of day, and on this of all days, when I was least at leisure! Surely I knew the voice, and yet it sounded like one I had not heard for a long time, and least expected to hear. It could hardly be, and yet it was; for there he stood before me, a tall, fair-haired young man, his beard, and even his eye-brows, steeped in fog—my cousin, Frank Wallace, the playfellow of a certain joyous period, that now seemed wonderfully long ago.

The sight of him brought back such a rush of dear memories, old associations, bygone hopes and fears, gladness and sorrow, that after the first start of recognition, I could hardly see his face, or speak his welcome. But he took it for granted, unspoken.

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"I have found you out, you see," he said, as he grasped my hand in his, "and found you, disappointed little woman of the world that you are, expecting no end of company, so I will not detain you a minute. I only want to give you joy, May, and to wish you all happiness and good-by."

"Good-by?" I repeated, "and where then are you going in such a hurry?"

"To Australia. I sail next week, that is to say, if superior, fast-sailing clippers keep to their engagements, which, considering their size, is doubtful. Well, little May, let me look at you. How happy you must be, if all I hear is truth! You have drawn a prize, my little woman; I knew Edgar Linton before you did, and you will not meet with his equal every day, I can tell you that."

I knew that as well as he did, but I loved him for saying it. I would not hear of his going till Edgar came in, and having coaxed him out of his coat and hat, we sat talking of past times, and forgot the exigencies of the present. At first he seemed shy of speaking of his own affairs, but as he warmed into confidence, he gradually revealed to me sundry facts I was sorry to hear, one being that he had refused the offer of his uncle and godfather of a good situation in his counting-house with the prospect of a partnership, not from any dislike to business, but simply because he was sick of England, and only wanted to get as far away from it as he could. He knew he was throwing away a competency; his uncle was kindness itself, and told him he would not consider his refusal final, till he had actually sailed, but he could not settle down to a desk merely to put money into his own pocket; he longed for change, for excitement, for anything—here his voice dropped into a faltering murmur—that would help him to forget.

Alas, poor Frank! There was a confession ready to be poured forth there too, could I have waited to receive it—and by no means the first I had received in that quarter. Dear old fellow! he had always been in the habit of confiding his attachments to my sympathizing ear, and nearly every vacation brought me a new one. But there was a real sorrow in his voice and look now, and it seemed hard that I could not listen; and yet with the clock striking a later hour than I at all expected, and Edgar not come home—what could I do? Ah! there he was at last, coughing in a manner I did not at all approve, for his throat was his weak point. I ran down to greet him with the news that Frank was here.

"What? Frank Wallace?" he said, "that is capital. We are sure of one guest, at any rate."

"One?" I repeated, glancing at my well-appointed dinner table, with all its modest display of plate and glass. "I wish it were only one with all my heart. It is high time we were both dressed; I expected you an hour ago."

"And well you might. Luckily, I secured a hack-boy at last, and so made my way home. You have no idea what the streets are now, within the last half hour the fog has grown something tremendous. How the Pophams will ever get here, I cannot imagine."

"They will have lamps, of course," suggested I.

"Lamps will not help them much if it goes on like this. But, however, it may clear, and we will hope it will, for their own sakes, as well as ours. It would be a pity all your charming arrangements should be wasted on old Frank, and yet I will bet you a pair of gloves, May, that he is our only guest."

"You will?" I said, laughing; "then I take the bet—for I want a new pair for Sunday. I considered it all a joke, he it observed, for such an idea as fog keeping Mrs. Popham away seemed so remote from possibility, even for a wager. Frank came down at that moment, and said as he had been just before, the very sight of my husband seemed to brighten his spirits."

"I am just off, Linton," he said, as they were shaking hands; "I should not have got here today, but could not get into the City in the fog, and after blundering about, and missing my way several times, found myself in this street by accident. We will not keep May from her toilette, which I know is to be extensive to-night, but I can talk to you while you dress, and by that time these pleasant humors of yours must have done smoking. Bine with you as I am. No, thank you, not to disagree Mrs. Linton or the eyes of the world, as having wretched relations, without a best cent to their backs. I will try and see you again before I sail, May. How glad I am to have had this peep at your establishment—how happy you must be!"

He gave me hand such a squeeze that I nearly cried for mercy, and then went with Edgar into his little dressing-room, which was on the parlor floor. Just as I was hurrying upstairs, he called out,

"May?"

"Well?" I said, looking over the banisters.

"May I have a word among old Edgar's boots and shoes? It will be an immense improvement upon the fog."

"No, certainly not," was my almost indignant reply; "you must wait till you are in Australia before you behave like a backwoodsman." For I had been brought up to consider the smell of tobacco in the house as next to an insult, and the notion of its pervading my dining room just as my guests were arriving, was enough to turn me cold. He laughed merrily as he looked up at me, and I was glad he had some of his old mischievous self left. What a pity he should throw up all his prospects and go off where he had none whatever! Perhaps Edgar might bring him to reason—we would have him to breakfast, and let them talk it all over, meanwhile, I must be dressed—and, oh dear, how glad I should be when to-morrow morning was come!

Little Sophy came to meet me with large frightened eyes. Cousin Edith was ill; she had turned quite faint and sick all in a minute—would I give her something to make her well? Edith ill—I flew to see, and was relieved to find her able to assure me it was nothing—only just a passing sensation—yes, a few drops of sal-volatile would just do, she would not keep me from dressing, she knew I must be anxious to go down again. And yet she seemed longing to say something, if I had given her the least encourage-

ment, but how could I, late as I was, and Mrs. Popham due any minute?

I was quickly dressed, and went down to receive my visitors. Never shall I forget that interval of waiting; how thankful I was at first to be in time; how gradually I began to fidget about my bill of fare, every dish fated to be overdone; how ludicrous at last became the position of sitting in state to receive people who did not come, and seemed to have no intention of coming; especially when Edgar looked in every now and then, to hope I was not overpowered with my exertions to be agreeable, and blandly observed that you might cut the fog with a knife.

"Please to remember, my love," he said, at last, "that I prefer Jovian's gloves to any other, and that my favorite color is a delicate brown—like your hair. Frank declares he cannot wait dinner much longer."

"And please to remember," was my reply, "that I particularly admire pale fawn color, and that my number is six and three-quarters. Frank will not be our only guest, for Miss Acton is here, and little Sophy Hounslow."

"You don't mean that?" he exclaimed, much amused; "you are a woman of resources, indeed. I should never have imagined you had such a reserve." I explained how it had occurred, and he rubbed his hands with a keen satisfaction that rather surprised me. "Bring them down; bring them both down. I will go and fetch Frank, and we will have a grand dinner party yet, in spite of the stars and the fog."

I found Edith so much recovered, that I had little difficulty in prevailing with her to accept our invitation; Sophy capering with joy at the outlook for happiness of "dining late," even though bound by strict promises not to ask for anything until the jelly came. The only drawback to her bliss was the fear that "her hair was not properly done," and Cousin Edith could not do it in the least, and oh, would dear, darling Mrs. Linton put it up for her as she did the other day? It was true that I had, on one occasion, made her little head tidy after my own fashion, which she had been teasing her maid ever since, in vain, to imitate; and knowing I had a few minutes still, while dinner was being served, I bade Edith go down to the drawing room, and as quickly as I could arrange my little guest's wayward tresses. Quick as I thought myself, it took me more minutes than I calculated upon, and I hurried her down at last, before she was half-satisfied that her appearance would produce the effect she desired.

"Well, Sophy," said Edgar, coming up to meet us as we entered, "this is very kind and good of you, indeed, to come and dine with us, when grandmamma has failed us so cruelly. We must keep up each other's spirits, and you must sit by me at dinner, to dry my tears if I give way unexpectedly."

I knew every calvary of my husband's voice so well, that directly he spoke, I was sure there was some more solid ground for his good spirits than the fact of having provided a dinner to which nobody could come; and while he went on rattling with the delighted child, I glanced at my other guests.

What had come over them, too, since I saw them last? They were standing on the hearth together, Frank with his arm on the chimney piece, playing with one of my most precious Dresden ornaments as heedlessly as if it had been a pewter mug; his face, so desponding and troubled a little while ago, now lighted up with a glad hope, that seemed to throw radiance on the room, in spite of the dense atmosphere we were all breathing. Edith Acton, looking shyly at the fire, while listening to what he was saying so eagerly and yet so low; the paleness gone from her cheeks, the sadness from her brow—nervous, trembling, starting when I spoke to her, and as unlike her former self as spring sunshine to December fog.

"Well, May," said Frank, letting go my little tunic, but happily without breaking it, "here is glorious weather!"

"Very," said I; "you will not meet with such in Australia, I am afraid."

"I am afraid not, and now you mention it, May, I really do not think I could live without it; it seems to agree with me so well. I shall make tremendous loves among your *chateaux*."

"Have you been introduced to Miss Acton, or, may I have the pleasure?"

"Excuse me, May, but I must explain that I have had the very great pleasure of meeting Miss Acton before, and to tell you the truth, could not have believed it possible that such a piece of good fortune could be reserved for me, as that of meeting her again."

A light began to dawn on my understanding; I looked at him again, his eyes were dancing—then at Edith, hers were full of tears—both such happy tears. I could not have wished to exchange them for such a smile as she had worn in the day.

I had a dozen questions to ask, but she made me a quick expressive sign of entreaty, and I recollected that small representative of Mrs. Popham, and of that useful species of vessel, known for the length of its articulating organs. Now, too, I understood why my husband was so devotedly engaged in whispering short stories in her ear at the farther end of the room.

Dinner was announced—my poor dinner, the fruit of so much thought, the object of so much anxiety—and we went down to the dining room, with all its covers laid for the absent Banquet, and I must own I felt it was a pity. The less we say about it the better, rather than the guests who partook thereof were in the state of mind, in which the senses and judgment lumber alike, and had I set them down to cold shoulder of mutton, or suggested that we should all have a little gruel, they would have been as well pleased, and very little the wiser. With one of them on either side of me, their eyes meeting perpetually in spite of Edith's efforts to prevent it, and their voices and manner betraying the almost painful intensity of the happiness that had come on them so suddenly, I felt too excited myself to know much of what I was eating, or what I was talking about; only the more confused I found myself becoming, the more I talked—very foolishly, I am afraid, for Edgar told me afterwards, he had no idea I had such a fund of anecdote and conversation.

It mattered very little, those two heard, understood nothing but themselves; and had I been wise as Socrates, and witty as Sydney

Smith, wisdom and wit had been equally wasted then. In pity to both, I rose early from table, and having despatched Sophy to be undressed by the maid, and put into the bed she was to share with her cousin, sat down to receive the confidence I might have had a few hours sooner. But how different was now the tone in which it was given!

"You little knew," Edith said, "when you asked me how I liked that Swiss sketch up-stairs, how well I knew the touch of the artist's hand—how I longed to take it out of its frame, and carry it away with me. I had nothing of his—not a line, not a scrap of paper—and the blank, and the longing, sometimes, were almost more than I could bear. I can hardly believe now he is in the house, and I have thought once. How shall I be grateful enough for such a change?"

"Tell me," I said, "how such a misunderstanding was possible, if you were both so much attached?"

She had some difficulty in explaining, for she did not wish to speak bitterly of any one; but the facts, as I gathered them, spoke for themselves. Her own home had been early broken up, and the grandmother and aunt, with whom she and her sister had afterwards lived, were completely under the sway of Mrs. Popham, in virtue of a small allowance she made them, subject to her pleasure. Her sister, some few years ago, had married the curate of the parish, and their poverty, though they never complained, had been so great an offence to Mrs. Popham, when she visited the neighborhood, that she had made old Mrs. Acton understand that sort of thing must not happen again. "She found Alice one day making a pie, and she never forgave it," said Edith, smiling, though her tone was a little resentful, as well it might be, "and it was no use reminding her that neither she nor John ever got into debt, and that they gave away more than many with larger means; she said that only made it worse, for it showed they had neither credit nor common sense. And if you only knew how good they both are!"

I could quite believe it, but I wanted to hear about Frank, and on that point Edith had spoken severely to her aunt about him, and that poor grandmamma had been ill for a week after the interview, but she never knew what really passed. As Mrs. Popham said, the affair had been managed—so managed that Frank had been driven away in resentment at what he felt to be ill usage, while she was left under the belief that he had given her up. How they had contrived to come to an understanding in the very short time they had been together, I did not too curiously inquire; but it seemed as if directly their eyes met, a veil fell from their souls, and they knew they were beloved before a word was spoken.

How happy they were that evening, sitting together with a sketchbook of mine open before them on the table, and paying no more heed to my best productions than they had done to my dinner, or my conversation! Edgar and I did our best to promote their enjoyment, by taking as little notice of them as possible; he brought out his violin, and I opened the piano, and we gave them soft movements of Mozart, and rich harmonies of Beethoven, as an accompaniment to the immortal music breathing from their hearts, as it breathed first in the garden.

By twelve o'clock—we had not the heart to disturb them sooner—my fatigue overpowered my sympathy, and I announced my intention of retiring. Frank started up, and with a dismayed apology for keeping us all up so late, wondered what sort of a night it was now. We opened the shutter, the lamps were once more visible, and the atmosphere was clearing fast under the influence of a change of wind. The fog had done its kindly work, and was gone; and never did the golden sunset of a summer evening leave sweeter memories behind.

Frank came to breakfast the next morning, and we were making very merry over the *entre-tiens* of the day before—Edith, whether she had slept or not, looking as if ten years had been taken from her age, and a threefold beauty restored to her face—when we were surprised by a visit from Mr. Popham. He was anxious, of course, to know the fate of his little granddaughter; but still more to confide with me on the disappointment which they had been compelled to inflict—compelled notwithstanding most heroic perseverance on the part of his amiable lady, whom nothing would for a long time persuade to relinquish the attempt to reach us, until they actually came to a collision with two other carriages, and were extricated with some difficulty, and one of the panels smashed in. "You may imagine how pleasant it was to return to a house where we were not expected," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, as we all expressed our regret and commiseration. "Hounslow and Elizabeth dining out in the neighborhood, half the servants out of the way, fires low, nothing one cared to eat—I never had so wretched an evening, Mrs. Linton—upon my honor I never had. Poor Georgy could not get over it at all, and scolded us all round, till really I had to give her a bit of my mind, and it ended in her bursting out crying, and spending the evening in her bedroom; and this morning she has the face-ache, and Mrs. Popham has a sad cold—but I was to assure you she thought it would be nothing very serious, and she would have braved any weather sooner than disappoint you after all your pains and trouble. Poor Elizabeth was in great dismay when she came home and found no Sophy, and it was all I could do to prevent her coming off to see if she were safe—I was sure she would be in Mrs. Linton's hands, and under Edith's care. It was that which quieted her at last; she could trust Edith, she owned, as she would herself; but I believe you will see her here directly, for she said she would not be happy till she knew it was all right."

It was rather a relief to hear this, for though Mrs. Hounslow was very like her mother in face and figure, she was her opposite in every good nature; and as the image of Mrs. Popham's wrath loomed darkly on our horizon, it became a matter of some importance to secure a favorable hearing from one who might prove an ally. Our breakfast was soon despatched, and I carried Edith and Sophy up-stairs, leaving Mr. Popham, good, easy man, to the tender mercy of Edgar and Frank, who looked ready to fall upon him the instant they had him

alone. They were still shut up together, and Edith had had time to grow very nervous, when Mrs. Hounslow arrived, positively running up-stairs—an effort on her part almost unparalleled—in her eagerness to be assured her darling had not been very unhappy. Finding, from the darling's own pungent remarks, that she had been as happy as possible, and didn't want to go home, and liked drinking tea out of Mrs. Linton's pink cup and saucer, and dining late afterwards with the gentlemen, for Mr. Linton was so kind and funny—Mrs. Hounslow's spirits revived, and she began to talk over the misfortunes of the evening with considerable zest. She had never seen mamma so put out in her life, and it was a mercy they were not all killed; as it was, they were laid up, and could not come and call, but they sent their kindest love, and a thousand regrets, and hopes that dear Mrs. Linton had not taken it too much to heart—it was such a trying thing to happen to a young housekeeper, and enough to put Mr. Linton quite out of temper; gentlemen never stood these little worries well; Mr. Hounslow would have been put out for a week. I answered her with due cordiality, and having said all that I knew was expected, of regret, sympathy, and obligation, I took occasion, while Edith was dressing Sophy up-stairs, to tell her what had occurred, and ask her advice and assistance. She listened with as much interest as if it had been an amusing fiction, and frankly assured me, she could not conceive, for her part, why mamma was so fond of managing and meddling other people's affairs, and if Edith liked Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Wallace liked Edith, what could it matter to mamma how much they had to live upon? She didn't suppose they would expect her to give them anything. Oh, yes, she had been told something about Edith's having an unfortunate attachment, and she knew old Mrs. Acton was afraid to say her soul was her own before mamma, for fear she should stop her pension—and by-the-by, she might do so now, if they did not mind what they were about. Poor, dear Edith! so fond as she was of the darling children, too, and they of her—she had intended asking her to spend Christmas with them at Brighton; yes, yes, she would see what could be done—she would talk to Mr. Hounslow and hear what he said. He liked Edith, and had been very short with Georgy yesterday for having contrived she should go into town about Sophy's tooth, just when Sir Henry and Lady Wolstonley, from Alice's parish, were coming to luncheon. He was sure it was done on purpose, because they were ashamed of her being known to be the sister of the curate's wife; and most likely he was right.

At this moment Sophy ran in, full of a wonderful thing she had forgotten to tell her mamma, which happened to her last night. Mr. Linton had pulled a cracker with her at dessert, and a big almond and motto fell into her plate, and the motto was in French, so she could not read it, but he had whispered to her what it meant, as a great secret, and what did mamma think it could be? Did mamma think it possible it could be true?

Mamma thought it very possible if they could prevail on grandmamma; and from that moment I felt we had two such allies on our side, as even Mrs. Popham might find it hard to resist.

And so it proved, for not all the arguments of Mr. Popham, whom Edgar and Frank did not allow to escape till they had fairly talked him into acquiescence—all the straightforward liberality of Frank's uncle, who immediately, on the receipt of his nephew's submission, came forward with arms and purse equally open, to smooth down the difficulties in his path of life—all my own diplomatic appeals to her oft-expressed regard for myself, and the satisfaction with which I contemplated even a connection so remote—not all that could be urged on behalf of either separately, or both combined, by any or all of us, in any possible way, would have prevailed to overcome her resentment as they did, had they not been hourly supported by Sophy's firm resolve to be a bridesmaid. Sophy, as I said before, was very like her grandmamma, and that great woman might have consoled herself for yielding, like England to her American colonies, with the knowledge that it was from herself the conqueror had learned to conquer.

If anything had been needed to make my satisfaction complete in becoming a connection of Mrs. Popham's, it was given me, in the fact that from this time that excellent lady paid me much less attention than formerly, and could never be induced, under any pretence, to accept another invitation to dinner.

Frank and Edith settled as near us as they could, and every year drew us closer together in the ties of tried and valued friendship. We met at each other's houses, we joined company in our husbands' holidays, we shared each other's joys—yes, and sorrows too, such as will come, even in the most loving home—the deeper, at times, for their being so loving; but many a time have we turned away from the loveliest scenery and the most glorious sky, to recall with grateful affection our debt to our much-abused benefactor, the London fog.

ANNA H. DRURY.

"In Paris many ladies now ornament the chignon with little rows of curls, having tiny bells attached to them; and many have small castanets suspended in this manner, which make a lively rattle at each movement of the head."

Galignani's Messenger says Mgr. Benaglia, Bishop of Lodi, has just entered his hundredth year. He reads without glasses, and himself manages most of the affairs of his diocese without his memory or judgment being ever at fault. He also performs the most fatiguing duties of his episcopacy. He has been a bishop for thirty years.

It is believed in Paris that the chance for intervention in Italian affairs was welcomed for the purpose of testing the Chassepot rifle, and it is remembered that Prussia tried her needle-gun on the Danes before venturing upon war with Austria. General Rappart telegraphed from Rome, in his official report, that "our Chassepot guns have done wonders." Their fire is compared to the running down of an alarm clock. They were fired from eight to ten times a minute, and inflicted terrible wounds.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

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The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelties for next year:—

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### MAKE BELIEVE.

Kiss me, though you make believe—  
Kiss me, though I almost know  
You are kissing to deceive;  
Let the tide one moment flow  
Backward, ere it rise and break;  
Only for poor pity's sake!

Give me for your flowers one leaf!  
Give me for your smiles one smile;  
Backward roll this tide of grief  
Just a moment, though the while  
I should feel, and almost know,  
You are trifling with my woe!

Whisper to me sweet and low—  
Tell me how you sit and weave  
Dreams about me, though I know  
It is only make believe!  
Just a moment, though 'tis plain  
You are jesting with my pain.

A. C.

It is related that while President Lincoln's child lay dead at the White House a Western office-seeker persistently sought an interview with him in order to procure a place about to be vacated by resignation. The President reminded the applicant of his domestic calamity, saying that the time for such business as his was unseasonable.

"Well," said the fellow, "how soon does the funeral come off?"

Deaths from base ball violence number about one per month.

H. B. Claffin & Co., of New York, during 1886 sold \$75,000,000 worth of dry goods—the largest year's business of any wholesale house in the world.

PROFESSIONAL.—A Vienna actress deciding to break a marriage engagement, at the very last moment sent the professional excuse, "Fraulein Gallmeier is unfortunately hoarse, and cannot attend the ceremony."

Deschanel, a French man of letters, has published a work entitled "Le Mal qu'on a dit des Femmes" ("The Evil that they say of Women"). He afterwards produced a companion volume, "Le Bien qu'on a dit des Femmes" ("The Good that they say of Women"), and these two volumes, together with a more interesting one, "Les Femmes Peintes par Elles-Mêmes" ("Women Described by Themselves"), may be seen on most book-stalls in Paris. The first work has reached its seventh edition; the second is found to be unsaleable!

A Cincinnati gentleman who has been married for the past twenty years, has always desired to be the father of a daughter—his children being all boys. So great, indeed, has been his desire for a daughter, that he has often prayed that Providence might bless him with one. A kind Providence was not deaf to his prayers, for, to his great surprise, he was granted three girls a few days ago, there being about three hours difference in their ages. He is a little afraid now that he overdid matters—like the minister who prayed for rain, and a young flood came which drowned out everybody.

SHUN pride, O Rae! whatever sort beside  
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!  
A pride there is of rank, a pride of birth,  
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,  
A London pride—in short, there be on earth  
A host of prides, some better and some worse.

But of all prides, since Lucifer's attain,  
The proudest swell's a self-elected saint.

—Tom Hood.

A Madrid paper says scientific researches have established the fact that the Pyrenees have, in the last twenty years, lost thirty metres of altitude. Supposing the depression to continue, our worthy contemporary calculates that, after the lapse of one thousand years, the chain that separates Spain from France will realize the celebrated words, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées" by disappearing altogether, in which case the Ebro will fall into the Bay of Biscay instead of emptying itself into the Mediterranean.